The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

For the Constellation.

Nemo mortalis omnibus horis sapit.

Having had occasion to go from the lower extremity of the city, to one of the upper streets crossing Broadway, on a certain night which shall be nameless, I buttoned up my surtout, took an old friend—my cane in my hand—and set off at a brisk walk. The young moon had already ascended high in the heavens, and the firmament was spangled with innumerable stars; the rattling of wheels and the busy hum of men had almost ceased, and lights in the chambers announced that many were seeking their accustomed repose. The shadows of evening were fled, and night was travelling in her ebon chariot. I turned my eyes from the gloom around me to observe that luminous constellation, Orion, which was beautifully shining in the southern heavens; but before I could arrange my ideas or place myself in a contemplative mood, I felt a blow and heavy pressure on one of my shoulders, and on looking round I discovered that I was supporting the weight of a man's head, the obliquity of whose body denoted that the base was too narrow to sustain the building. My friend, said I, good breeding demands at least a word before a blow, can my services avail you? he muttered some incoherent expressions, none of which I could understand; I therefore assisted him to the nearest railing and walked on.

I was no longer interested by the objects above me, an *earthly subject* had intruded itself, and I thought it might prove a useful one; I remembered too another *constellation* which (unlike Orion) requires a *weekly* trimming to give it lustre, and, said I to myself, perhaps my friend of unequal weight may sometimes gaze upon it, perhaps is one of its numerous readers,—if so, I trust the following remarks will not be lost, but act as a mirror wherein he may see the deformity of that vice, in which he was detected, and which gave rise to this lucubration.

My latin grammar furnishes a motto of no inconsiderable importance; it asserts a fact, and inculcates a command—if men are not at all times wise, it certainly becomes them to endeavour to be so.

Drunkenness is the daughter of idleness and sloth; her votaries drink deeply from the poisoned chalice and become incurable; nay the drunkard glories in the vice which unnerves his powers, clouds his understanding, and debases the man. It has very fatal effects on the mind, the body and fortune of the person who is devoted to it. In regard to the mind, it discovers every flaw in it, it shews its weakest parts, it betrays its hidden faults, and exhibits them in the most odious colours. Wine makes every latent seed sprout up in the soul—it gives fury to the passions, and force to those objects which are apt to produce them;—it turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into a madman;—it subverts reason which ought to be the guide and bulwark of the soul, and thus invites the enemy to the breach it was intended to defend.

With regard to the body, the immoderate use of strong drink impairs its movements, destroys its functions, produces disease, and accelerates the inevitable doom.

The drunkard's fortune is at the mercy of every sharper, the fool laugheth and helpeth himself, and the cunning man layeth his snares with success. Need I paint the horrors which the loss of fortune sometimes brings on the family of the drunkard? they must be palpable to every discerning mind. Shall I give you a domestic picture? See him reeling to the well known door of his accustomed dwelling, fury, or idiotcy depicted on his countenance, his face perhaps streaming with blood, and his raiment covered with mire; he enters, but is unconscious of the scene around him; an affectionate wife is there—a weeping infant there—a youth just merging into manhood stands at the maternal side—and there, is that man whose duty it is to love the first with all his heart—to train the second in the ways of religion and virtue—to set an example of industry and sobriety to the third—and to govern the whole as a good husband, a good father, and a good citizen. Instead of these, we see him a monster, greater than any that is to be found among all the creatures which God has made, sunk in the lowest abyss of degradation, hateful to his own offspring, and ruining the objects he was bound to support and protect. In the affairs of the habitual drunkard, sloth takes the place of industry, gambling occupies the time for rest, money buys wine instead of bread; in fact, *loss* usurps the place of *profit*, and *contempt* and *beggary* are the result.

I might enumerate many of the vices which attend his disastrous career, such as swearing, lying, blasphemy, &c.—but as each of these may occupy a separate paper, I shall reserve them for a future opportunity.

OBSERVER.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

SHERIDAN.—He told me that, on the night of the grand success of his School for Scandal he was knocked down and put into the watch-house for making a row in the street, and being found intoxicated by the watchmen.

When dying, he was requested to undergo 'an operation.' He replied, that he had already submitted to two, which were enough for one man's lifetime. Being asked what they were, he answered, 'having his hair cut, and sitting for his picture.'—*Moore's Life of Byron.*

OLD ENGLISH MANNERS.—The English are serious, like the Germans, lovers of show, liking to be followed wherever they go by whole troops of servants, who wear their master's arms in silver, fastened to the left arm, and are not undeservedly ridiculed for wearing tails hanging down their backs. They excel in dancing and music, for they are active and lively, though of a thicker make than the French: they are good sailors and better pirates; cunning, treacherous, and thievish. Above three hundred are said to be hanged annually in London; beheading with them is less infamous than hanging. They are powerful in the field—successful against their enemies—impatient of any thing like slavery—vastly fond of great noises that fill the ear, such as the firing of cannon, drums, and the ringing of bells: so that it is common for a number of them, that have got a glass in their heads, to go into some belfry, and ring the bells for hours together, as exercise. If they see a foreigner very well made, or particularly handsome, they will say, 'It is a pity he is not an Englishman.'—*Paul Hentzer*, 1598.

WOMAN'S WIT.

A woman for the most part reasons best
Upon a sudden motion, and untaught;
For with that special grace the sex is blest,
'Mid those so many gifts wherewith 'tis fraught;
But man, of a less nimble wit possest,
Is ill at counsel, save with sober thought
He ruminate thereon, content to spend
Care, time, and trouble, to mature his end.

W. S. Rose's Orlando Furioso.

THE TELESCOPE.—It may amuse the reader to be informed, that among my mathematical instruments I had an inverting telescope, which I used sometimes to let my servants look through that I might enjoy their surprise at seeing the world turned upside down, and, in particular, the astonishment they expressed, when they saw men and women walking on their heads, without their clothes falling down. It got about in the encampment that the engineer *Suhab* had a telescope which could turn people upside down without the latter part of the phenomenon being generally known. So I used sometimes to amuse myself by pointing my glass at the women as they passed my window; upon which they would run as fast as they could, holding their clothes down with both their hands.—*Adventures in India.*

DR. WOOLASTON.—His chemical skill was of a peculiar description. He loved to analyze infinitesimals. His operations, indeed, had become synonimous with 'thimble chemistry,' a name it acquired and bore both in England and abroad, arising from the circumstance of his seldom employing more than the minutest particles of matter to work upon. This enabled him to perform most of his labours in a small and insignificant laboratory, which was generally at the back of his lodging or house, when he latterly took one. This said laboratory was a *sanctum sanctorum*, which none dared to violate by his presence; it was carefully kept from the eye of man, but particularly from that of every fellow-labourer in the chemical art. Richard P——, a chemist of some merit, and one as eager after the lucrative results of science as Woolaston himself, once called upon him, and, without knowing it, happened to wander into the sacred laboratory, while the servant went to announce his arrival. When the philosopher came down, he appeared evidently chagrined at finding his *keen* visitor in such a situation, and expressed his surprise accordingly; but soon recovering his wonted dry humour, and without waiting for an apology, took P—— by the arm, turned him towards a particular spot in the laboratory, and addressed him thus: 'Mr. P——, do you see that furnace?' 'I do.' 'Then make a profound bow to it, for this is the first, and will be the last time you will have that pleasure.'—*Lond. Weekly Review.*

THE SOLDIER.

Nought shines so bright in beauty's eyes,
As the bold warrior's gallant bearing;
The proudest deems his heart a prize;
The fairest would his fate be sharing;
Let Truth, let Valor be thy guide;
And faithful love thy priceless jewel—
Thou ne'er shall lack a lovely bride;
Nor find a female bosom cruel.

'Tis true, the soldier's life is short;
But what is life, depriv'd of action?
The craven coward's base resort;
A universe without attraction.
Then urge thy courser to the field,
And thou shalt gain renown in story—
Compel the fiercest foe to yield;
Or die upon the bed of glory.

J. G. Adams's Dermot M'Morough.

CANOVA.—The name of Canova is venerable alike for virtue and for talents. Born in 1757, in a distant and otherwise unknown hamlet, in the territory of Treviso—fallen upon evil days in his art—of the most obscure parentage, destined to fill the humble occupation of village stone-cutter—remote, in the first instance, from every advice and assistance, he rose to be the companion of princes, the restorer of art, and the generous patron of merit friendless as his own. We know not whether more to love or to admire Canova. In his fifteenth year, repairing to Venice, the cloisters of a convent supplied him, through the benevolence of the good fathers, with a workshop; and only fifteen years afterwards, through a struggle of poverty, yet redeemed by prudence and industry, and sweetened by independence, he erected in St. Peter's the monument of Ganganelli—the first fruits of a spirit, whose sobriety of temperament, more valuable and more rare than mere original invention, here exhibited a correctness which would amend, with a vigour which would elevate, a fallen age.—*Dr. Memes on Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture.*

ORIGIN OF TITHES IN ENGLAND.—About this time (A.D. 885) Ethelwolf conferred a donation on the clergy, for which they had been contending during several ages. The Jewish Law, which bestowed on the Levites the tenth of all the produce of the land, was universally regarded by the clergy as obligatory on Christians; and, notwithstanding the obvious absurdity of this application of the law of Moses, they were inclined to extend it to a tenth of all merchandise, industry, wages of laborers, and pay of soldiers. They preached with great warmth and sincerity this indispensable duty; but the interest of the laity had hitherto been too powerful for their eloquence. At length Ethelwolf granted their request;—and the states of the kingdom consented to the establishment of tithes. The English doubtless imagined that this benevolence would procure them the protection of Heaven against the Danes. This was the epocha of clerical opulence in England.—*Milot's Eng. Hist.*

ANCIENT MANNER OF TESTIFYING APPLAUSE.—Among the Romans, the theatrical approbation was testified by an artificial kind of noise made by the audiences to express satisfaction. There were three species of applause, denominated from the different noises made in them, viz. Bombus—Imbrius—and Testæ. The first was a confused din, made either by the hands or mouth; the second and third, by beating on a sort of sounding vessels, placed in various parts of the theatre for that purpose. Persons were instructed to give applauses, with skill, and there were even masters who professed to teach the art. The proficients in this accomplishment let themselves out for hire to the poets and actors. It was usual at the end of a play to expect a loud peal of applause, and was generally asked for by the chorus, or the last speaker in the drama. The formula was 'Spectatores plaudite,' or 'Valete et plaudite.' The plausores, or applauders, were divided into Chori, and disposed in the theatre opposite to each other, like the choristers in cathedrals, so that there was a kind of concert of applauses.—*Gent. Mag. of Fashion.*

TIME.

"Why sittest thou by that ruin'd hall,
Thou aged carl so stern and gray?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it pass'd away?"

"Know'st thou not me!" the Deep Voice cried;
"So long enjoy'd, so oft misused—
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused?

Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away;
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

Redeem thine hours—the space is brief—
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When *Time* and thou shalt part for ever!"

Sir W. Scott.

CLEANLINESS OF THE SPANIARDS.—For the Spaniards, notwithstanding their reputation, I claim the character of the most cleanly nation in Europe. Nothing is more remarkable than the delicacy of the lower orders. All that frequent white-wash and constant ablution can effect against a generating sun, they employ. You would think that a Spanish woman had no other occupation than to maintain the cleanliness of her chamber. Most assuredly they are a clean people. They have too much self-respect not to be clean. I once remember L. rating a muleteer who was somewhat tardy in his preparations. "What!" exclaimed the peasant reproachfully—"would you have me go without a clean shirt?"—Now when we remember that this man only put on his clean shirt to toil on foot for thirty or forty miles, we may admire his fine feeling, and doubt whether we might match this incident even by that wonder, an English postillion.—*Contarini Fleming.*

TO THE RISING SUN.

O princely Sun! uprising in thy east,
Pavilion'd in the crimson and the gold
Of clouds before thy flaming chariot rolled;
Now let mine eyes upon thy glory feast,
The first steps of thy radiant march behold.
Hark! the glad feathered choir thy matins sing,
And my lyre answers with its vocal string.

Yet, ah! though great and glorious as thou art,
Endymion's moon is dearer to my heart;
For I am of the still and starry night—
When the deep soul collects its native might,
And gathers a quick feeling, and a power
Of thought, perceptive of thine own great dower,
O Phœbus! in the dark and silent hour.

LONG SERMONS.—Jan. 7, 1709.—Went to hear Dr. Daniel Burgess, who, though he had some pleasant passages, which profane wits might sport with, yet preached very well. *He preached above three hours*, yet seemingly without weariness to himself or auditory.—*Thoresby's Diary.*

FILING A BILL.—A solicitor, who was remarkable for the length and sharpness of his nose, once told a lady, that if she did not immediately settle a matter in dispute, he would file a bill against her. "Indeed, sir," said the lady, "there is no necessity for you to *file* your *bill*, for I am sure it is sharp enough already."

MISCELLANY.

THE SMUGGLER OF GRANADA.

About six weeks since, I was on my way back to Granada, (my native city) with a good cargo, accompanied by several comrades, also well laden. The narrowness of these mountain paths of course obliged us to ride in a train, the one following the other. I was was leading, when we suddenly fell in with a party of guardos, (custom-house officers) accompanied by a military detachment. Had there been guardos only, we should have fought—but against *los militares*—*no, Señor—et nombre del Rey tiene mucha fuerza*—(Against the soldiers—no, sir—the King's name is a tower of strength.) I now assume that if I hesitated I was lost; so, leaving my companions to do the best for themselves, I dashed at the goat-path which leads up the mountain, resolved, if possible, to escape a prison and five years' hard labour at Ceuta, the fate which I knew awaited me, if taken. I had scarcely got off the road when I heard my name (Diego Salazar it is called out in a voice which was familiar to me. I looked round, and saw it was *Indigno de todos los guardos*—the worst of all custom-house officers, my own unworthy brother-in-law, Antonio Perez. Pity that my beloved Maria Dolores should be sister to such a villain! 'Diego,' said he, 'come back, or there is a ball in this gun which will right you. I have gun you know well, and that my aim is true.' Of course I did not cease urging on my good horse with those well pointed spurs. The animal seemed strangely forward, heavily laden as he was; but as he travelled into the path through the thicket, I heard the ball from Antonio's unerring musket strike me in the shoulder. I did not fall. I reined myself, and the love another shot would be fired. I was out of danger. I continued my journey, dividing and hiding my travelling the remainder of the day, and at midnight reached the hamlet of Pinos, where a friend received my wound, gave me shelter, and his help to recover. By the following evening I was in the town of Alcala la Real. Here I parted with my faithful horse and his trappings, and disposed my gay clothes with an equipment, equipped myself in a common dress, and purchased a mule, on which I placed my own saddle. After this, I travelled all by night, and performed my journey by mule tracks in the mountains, so that, on the twelfth day, I was within half a league of Madrid. I then looked about for a place to deposit my bales, and which I fixed in a snug looking cave, a short distance from the road. This done, I boldly rode into the city through the Atocha gate, and had little difficulty in meeting with a driving spirit, ready, for a small reward, to assist an honest man in need. We called out in the evening, and ere morning my cargo was safely stowed in the quiet lodging I had taken in the Calle de San Pablo. I had a capital market. My tobacco produced me exactly double the sum I should have procured for it Granada; but the other bale, *los generos!*—the English cottons, shawls, and gown pieces of brilliant colours!—it was a mine of gold!—four times the Granada price was eagerly given. I paid my assistant liberally, and dismissed him. My wound was fast healing, and I was again dressed like a gentleman, with plenty of doubloons in my purse, enjoying the pleasures of the capital. But I was not happy. I longed to be once more among my native snow capped mountains; to be on the back of a trust worthy horse; to see my wife, my Dolores; to receive her warm greeting in my little dwelling, which stands near you, Alhambra. But this I dared not attempt under present circumstances. My wife brother-in-law, whom I have made mine enemy by refusing to give him half the profits of every cargo, would soon cause me to be apprehended. A thought struck me one morning as I was leaning idly against the fountain in the Plaza de Sol; I would endeavour to obtain a pardon from the King! I had, in common with all Madrid, seen Ferdinand in his daily rides through the streets. His good-humoured smile, the urbanity with which he acknowledged the *Viva el Rey!* of the meanest of his subjects, assured me he was not the stern unbending Monarch—the tyrant—which the Revolutionists represent him to be. *Lebamos un memorial!*—(Let us try a memorial!)—said I; and I immediately directed my steps to the Post-office. Behind one of the pillars of the inner court, I soon found a writer seated at his small portable table. A large handsome sheet of paper lay ready before him, and I observed that he carefully nibbled a pen as I approached him. 'Write me a petition,' said I, 'to the King.' He flourished rapidly the heading. 'Now for your story.' I told him my case in a few words. 'And you want a pardon?' I nodded assent. In a short time the paper was filled. He read it to me, and it appeared impossible that such an appeal could fail. 'I have,' said he, 'as you must have remarked, dwelt very strongly upon the circumstance of your never having meddled with the smuggling of tobacco; that, you know, is a royal monopoly, and you never could be forgiven had you been engaged in it. But the shawls—is another matter; here sign the paper.' I am no great penman, and my large scrawled signature was relieved to greater advantage the neat character of the scribe. I paid him the usual *peeta* (the fifth of a dollar), and retired to my lodging. The next day I was at the place betimes, to watch my opportunity. There were four or five others lurking about, apparently with the same design as my own, and we were soon addressed by some of the officials, who seemed well acquainted with our views. I liberally paid these worthies; and was consequently permitted to enter the outer court of the truly royal mansion. After a time, three horses were led to the front gate, and Ferdinand himself descended the broad marble staircase which leads from his apartments; I dropped on my knees, and held out my memorial:—'Pardon, my liege,' said I in a loud voice, 'pardon for one single act of disobedience of your royal proclamations against smuggling—but not of tobacco;' I quickly added, 'of cottons only.' The King took my paper, bade me rise, and glanced his eyes over the writing. 'And you were wounded,' said his Majesty. 'Sire, my hurt was severe,' I replied, 'it is not yet healed.' 'Well,' continued the King, 'it is good that you are not a tobacco smuggler; come a few days to the secretary's office, and we will see what can be done.' He passed on, mounted his charger, and rode away. I stood for some minutes as if entranced. I was aroused by one of the men to whom I had given money: 'You have arranged your affair well, my friend,' said he with a smile, 'you have gained your end, whatever it may be. I know by the King's glance, as he handed your paper to Don Louis, that he has granted your prayer before it was read.' I went off in joyful mood to lounge in the square and on the *Prado*. At the expiration of a few days I attended at the secretary's office. I entered a room in which I found several men seated at a table, and two others at a desk. 'I come for my pardon,' said I boldly, 'the pardon of Diego Salazar.' The man referred to the desk looked with astonishment at my countenance, and the old one, turning his dull eye on me, exclaimed, 'Pardon! I never heard of that name before, and we cannot find it here.' I knew, however, enough of the ways of those gentry. I produced a heavy bag, containing a respectable sum in silver dollars, and without further explanation deliberately emptied the contents, and proceeded to spread it on the table. I divided the money into three unequal portions. During this operation the two clerks had joined their cipher, and the three looked on with amusing gravity, and in perfect silence. At length I had completed the division. 'Now,' said I, pointing to the largest heap, 'this, I believe, belongs to the gentleman who is charged with acknowledgments to the King's written petition, which his Majesty (may he live a thousand years!) promised to me some days since we should have some kind of answer to it.' The gentleman with a most winning smile pocketed the entire contents of the document. 'No reply was made, and I stood upon before the heaped of money extraordinary ease and consummate breeding. In a few minutes the old fellow spoke. 'Come,' said he, 'Come, let us understand each other. Is this all you mean to offer?' I protested, I had not another dollar in the world. 'Well,' continued he addressing himself to one of the scribes, 'Francisco, look if there is any such paper as this gentleman describes.' A prolonged search was made, and I soon held in my hand this writing; here it is carefully folded in a leathern cover. My money, of course, was soon in the possession of these clerks. I did not later in Madrid. I am now returning with a bold front to Granada. I yesterday left Alcala, and although the pardon has cost me dearly, yet you see I retained enough to re-purchase my faithful horse, as well as to procure a small bit of fine tobacco; you must have almost seen me deposit the package in the hut near the spot where you joined company; to-night I shall be again with my *Dolores*—but yet, villain brother—let him beware!—*La. Spec. Jour.*

THE FIRE ESCAPE.

We abridge an amusing story told in the Comic Offering for 1833.

"The Flybekins were distant connexions of the great Lord B., living 'genteelly' in the west of England; and Mr. and Mrs. Flybekin were the only adult members of the family at the period of the incident which gave rise to this anecdote. It happened once that the 'country cousins' were possessed with an uncontrollable desire to enter within the hitherto unapproached circle of London fashion and gaiety, in which their noble relatives moved with such distinction. Every thing was propitious in furtherance of the meditated scheme. * * * * * * * In all the pleasure to which they looked forward there was but one drawback, viz. a most extraordinary dread of London fires at night; and this originated in the frequent occurrence in their county paper of paragraphs headed 'Another alarming conflagration; many lives lost?'—put in either to aid the insurance office, or fill the paper. As our rustic pair had never visited the metropolis, they did not know but Leadenhall Street and Hyde Park, Lambeth and Portland Place, might all be close neighbours; therefore, however distant the different fires may be, they fancied they all occurred nearly in the same place; and from the time Mr. and Mrs. Flybekin resolved to visit town, scarcely a night passed in which they did not start in terror from their dreams, screaming 'Fire, fire!' All was hurry and preparation at 'the lodge,' until the anticipated arrival of the 'Barnstable Sociable' one morning at the door, summoned the ambitious pair; and on the fourth day of their departure from Devonshire, they were duly set down at the White Horse Cellar; for road-making had not then received the magic touch of Macadam. The next day was occupied in searching for, and entering suitable lodgings; and the following day, having hired a carriage which their unpractised eyes considered most elegant in style and equipment, they sallied forth, armed with a card-case and a long list of commissions, the practised horses going at the full rate of six miles an hour.

[They called on Lord and Lady B., who were gone out, and left their cards, and then proceeded to do their shopping.]

As the Flybekins drove along the streets, the words 'Patent Fire-escapes,' in large letters upon the front of a tall house, attracted their attention, and roused all their latent fears of London fires, with accounts of which the newspapers so frequently teemed. A fire-escape would impart security to sleep, and might be taken down into the country. Accordingly the check-string was pulled, the manufactory entered, the machines inspected, an economical one selected by each: and in an hour after their arrival at home to dinner, the fire escapes were duly mounted in one of the front bed-room windows. Their evening meal being finished at the barbarous hour of nine, the Flybekins began to yawn over the events of the past day, and the prospective engagements of the morrow. The excitements of the morning in the crowded London streets had completely tired the rustic couple, who being susceptible of no further excitement, sought repose at this early hour, and were both soon wrapped in deep sleep. Leaving them to enjoy their repose, we return to Grosvenor Square

[Lord and Lady B. had returned.]

'Umph!' said the peer, 'The Flybekins in town! what could have brought them up so far from the country?' 'Something that will not detain them long, I hope, dryly answered Lady B. 'Yet we must take some notice of these country cousins,' said the peer: 'let us invite them to a family dinner.' 'Well, if we must,' said the countess shrugging her shoulders, and with that the subject dropped for the time. Now it is quite clear, that however brilliant might have been the prospects of the Flybekins, the peer and his lady wished them any where but in London. Their carriage was ordered at ten, to convey them to the Duchess of B.'s party, and Lord B. proposed to make a friendly call upon their relations before waiting on her grace. Accordingly thither they drove, accompanied by two fourteen hooding flambeaux, the custom of the great in those days, when the town was not so well lighted as in the present age. The signs of this custom are indeed still to be seen in front of many houses, which serve for the footmen to extinguish their flambeaux. Meantime the Flybekins slept on, not dreaming of the honour intended them, and were as sound asleep as Duncan in Macbeth's castle, when a long thundering rap at the door startled them amid their slumbers. The diminutive family footman, had gone home with the coachman and horses, the landlady and her family had followed the example of the lodgers; and before any one could rise to undo and open the door, to ascertain the cause of such an unusual alarm, a second louder and longer rap had been made upon it, and which awoke the sleepers to an instinctive idea that the house was on fire; a notion confirmed by the strong glare of red light reflected against their windows, and illuminating the apartment, as the curtains impatiently shook thousands of sparks from the flambeaux. As Bonaparte observed upon another occasion, 'From the sublime to the ridiculous is but one step.' So it was with the Flybekins. From the most sublime repose they hurried into the ridiculous fire-escapes, in the full conviction that the lower part of the house was on fire; and without waiting to dress, or inquire into the real state of affairs, they gave the signal-word 'Now!' and both descended in all the frowziness of their forms to the pavement before the door! The wondering lord and lady, and still more wondering footman, gazed upon the apparition before them with the most inexplicable amazement, totally at a loss to conceive the cause of such a novel reception. The terrified pair were, like Othello, 'perplexed in the extreme,' when they found themselves, instead of being in the confusion of a fire, deposited beneath the windows of a magnificent carriage, attended by footmen with white torches, and a full-dressed lady and gentleman inquiring after them, and the meaning of the extraordinary descent. A few minutes served to explain the *mal-a propos* mistake; the detected pair sought refuge in the hall of the house, with some such feelings as our first parents experienced when they had tasted the fatal apple in the garden of Eden. The carriage rolled away with the tittering coachman and footmen, and the ill-suppressed mirth of their master and mistress, who quickly disseminated the story throughout the fashionable throng of the party whither they were bent, and which remained for the rest of the season a standing joke wherever Lord and Lady B. appeared. Humbled and confused, the unhappy Flybekins could not retrieve the blunder they had committed, and prudently resigned all their ambitious schemes. So they returned to Devonshire with the unlucky fire-escapes, sincerely regretting they had ever been tempted to purchase them. But, although the disaster had got wind, and with various versions had reached even into Devonshire, they were much consoled by the following narration of it which appeared in the county paper, in a light most favourable to their interests and reputation, although totally devoid of truth in almost every particular. The *flaming* paragraph ran thus:—'We understand that Mr. and Mrs. Flybekin, of ——, in this county, while upon a visit to their noble relatives, Lord and Lady B. in London, narrowly escaped being burnt to death. The devouring element almost destroyed the lower part of the fashionable mansion in Grosvenor square, over which the lady and gentleman slept, who had retired early to bed, and who, by the accidental return of Lord and Lady B. from a party, were awakened only just in time to effect their retreat by means of a fire-escape, fortunately attached to their bed-room window. We are informed that the fire occurred in consequence of the footmen appointed to wait upon their master and mistress having fallen asleep, leaving a lighted candle in the room. Mr. and Mrs. Flybekin escaped with the loss of all their clothes but what they hurried on in the confusion, and were conveyed to a neighbouring hotel by their noble relatives, where they received succour for the night.' But unhappily for the Flybekins, the naked truth at length forced its way into Devonshire, and the true statement of the matter was circulated as above related, and now handed down to their posterity. Thus the best version of their story only placed them 'out of the fire into the frying-pan,' and the unlucky fire-escapes merely saved them from the fear of being *badly burnt*, in order that they might all the rest of their lives be *well roasted!*"

THE CORNET OF THE GUARDS.

We present another scene from the adventures of the Count Carara, of Padua.

Carara threw himself on a couch, which would have defied his most dexterous slumberers in other days, but which now was to his wearied limbs a bed worthy of a Sybarite. He slept with the clamour of five hundred voices ringing in his ears; he defied them all, and slept. The sun blazing through his low chamber at last roused him. But where was the clamour of the night before? All was hushed. No rough dragoon roared a camp-song over his flagon. No rattle of the dice-box in more polished hands was heard. No charger champed and pawed in the courts. The Count rose to investigate the miracle. It was soon developed, to his infinite dismay. The crowd of Imperial attendants were gone. Despatches from France had reached the Emperor but twelve hours before. A council had been instantly held, and the result was, that the whole establishment was on the road by day-break. This was a bitter blow, and no man could feel it more keenly than the husband, the father, and the noble, united in the person of the unfortunate Count. He began to think that fortune took a peculiar indulgence in crushing him, and that he had better have perished in the Padovene dungeons, or in the Alpine snows.

Another day of despondency succeeded. He wandered through empty streets, which, but the day before, were glittering with the train of a monarch. He gave a look of bitter disappointment as he passed the grand old council-house, where, but the day before, Francis had given audience to all, and received the petitions of every rank of his subjects, with the fatherly kindness which had already so flattering pushed the reign of the 'good Emperor.' Night fell on his contemplations, and he returned to the *Scuola d'Oro* with a spirit as dark as that noble emblem of the House of Hapsburgh. But as he sate at his solitary meal, a new surprise was prepared for him. A stranger, wrapped in a cloak, whose embroidery showed that its wearer was a man of rank, entered to discharge some of the accounts remaining after the departure of the Emperor. His voice struck Carara's ear. He looked up, and, even under the enormous hat and plume of an officer of the Imperial staff, he recognised the friend whom he had given up for lost in the Tyrolese snows. The Hungarian stood before him.

The enthusiastic and astonished Count instantly rose and threw himself into his arms. But the astonishment was equally great, if more gravely demonstrated, on the side of the Imperial officer. He gazed on Carara's countenance with a look of fixed incredulity. However, the recognition was at last complete. The friends sat down to table together, and their singular escapes formed a topic which kept them in conversation for half the night. The sudden departure of the Emperor was now explained. The Republican French had exhibited symptoms of renewing their attacks on Lombardy, of which the Monarchical French had in every age been so fond. The time pressed, an insurrectionary movement had been organised in the north of Italy, for the open purpose of assisting a new invasion, and the Emperor had gone at full speed to Milan, to smite the conspiracy, by the promptest measures in the power of the sword. "But this dress," he added, "may tell you my connexion with the Court. you must come with me to Milan; your memorial will be forwarded with increased influence, by being put into the Imperial hands through me; and I shall have the satisfaction of repaying, in the amplest manner, some portion of that debt of hospitality which I owe to the Count Carara." The Hungarian's narrative of himself was succinct. He had been carried down by the avalanche, but had, like his friend, been cast into a cleft of the rock, which preserved him, though actually buried under some fathoms of snow, until the peasantry, in digging away the wreck, had found him still breathing. Care, an Alpine cottage, and the absence of all doctors, had restored him; and having accomplished all the purposes of his Italian tour, he had returned to his former station as one of the staff, and Colonel of the Royal Hungarian Guard. At daybreak the friends were on the road to the famous capital of the Lombards.

If Carara's spirit had not been so deeply absorbed by the momentous nature of his mission, his eye might have revelled long and richly among the landscapes that lay before him as he hurried along the Milanese. The flatness of the territory enfeebled it to the spectator who has but just descended from the grandeur of the Alpine amphitheatre. But the joyous profusion, the exuberance of colour, and the produce of harvest and fruitage and the almost extravagance of fertility that covers the Lombard plains, the whole outpouring of the cornucopia of corn, flowers, wine, and oil, makes the approach to this noble city one of the most delicious banquets ever offered to the gaze of man. It was now in the full glow of harvest, robed in its autumnal glory. The land from east to west, from north to south, was a vineyard. Thousands and tens of thousands crowded every road to the capital, with the produce of one of the most luxuriant harvests ever known even in those fields of plenty. Carara, little accustomed as he was to the language of that magnificent oriental devotion, that high personification of

feelings and impressions, which, in Scripture, makes the mountains heave with joy, the dewdrop sweetness, and the valleys laugh and sing, yet acknowledged the power of nature over the human heart, and wondered anew at the singular disregard of delight which had made him know the difference of summer and winter only by his lounging on the Corso during the one, and his lounging at the Opera during the other.

As they reached Monza, the road became more crowded still. Couriers in the imperial livery flying in all directions, gave evidence of the active business to which the stagnation of the good Court of Austria had been at length compelled. The march of troops from different points of the plain, all converging towards the city, showed the imperial sense of insecurity; the rattle of baggage-waggons and field-guns, the galloping of aides-de-camp, and the long lines of dust that marked the advance of more baggage-waggons, more guns, and more troops, too distant to be more clearly discerned, told Carara that he was at last come into the centre of the whirlpool of power; the heart of anxious empire; the depth of the mine, where all was explosive, and which at a touch might fling its whole fearful charge in fire and blood-hot upon the land.

He had his eares still, but his spirit had gained unconscious vigour from struggling. He felt the force that every mind gains from the new sense of an object worthy to task all its powers. The interest of women depended on him for protection: the hopes of a whole house depended on him in his child; the revival of a great name rested on his activity and resolution; and last, and not least, the retrieval of his own sense of dignity, the recovery of his self-respect, the atonement for those wasted years, wasted opportunities and wasted faculties, whose abuse he now looked upon with pain and astonishment; and which, in his generous remorse, he was determined to compensate, if it could be done by the most unhesitating sacrifice within the means of a human being.

His companion gave him full leisure for those meditations, for fatigue, or his own thoughts, kept him unusually silent, and during the approach to the city he scarcely spoke. The flourish of the drums and trumpets of a magnificent regiment of cavalry, which had just opened to let their equipage pass, at last roused the Hungarian. It was his own regiment of the Guard doing the honours to their colonel on the march. His eye brightened with the natural gratification of a soldier at the sight. Carara was not less delighted with so fine a martial display. The carriage was instantly surrounded by the officers—compliments and congratulations were offered on all sides, and the meeting ended by the colonel's mounting a charger, and with his friend riding at the head of the regiment into Milan. A supper at their quarters concluded the day. It was of course sumptuous. The profusion of the Imperial Guard was proverbial. The conversation was, what might be expected from the elite of camps and courts, easy, various, and animated. Pleasure, travel, war, were touched on, even politics found their way among the topics; and the Italian, reared in the land of spies, was surprised to find the fearless facility with which matters that would have shaken the souls of an Italian city with terror, were talked of at this brilliant board, within hearing of the whole train of Imperial Chamberlains. But among those men of grace and gaiety, their colonel alone conspicuous. He brought his admirable and almost universal knowledge to bear upon the most passing topic, and flashed a new light upon every thing. Every great transaction of Europe for the last century seemed to have passed in his presence; every peculiarity of every court of Europe was familiar to his taste for animated anecdote; every casual description was graphic; every accidental trait characteristic; every play of fancy keen, pointed, and luminous. Yet with that fine tact, which marks the highest grace of accomplished society, he repressed no one, he bore down none by excessive display; his chief skill was exerted in drawing out whatever latent animation was to be found in the circle, and enabling every man to shine in turn. The Count's Italian elegance required only this stimulant to show the native lustre of a remarkably sensitive and brilliant mind. He kindled at the Hungarian's flame, until he first equalled and then surpassed it. The conversation at length fell solely into their hands. No graceful condescension to the surrounding board, no dexterous appeal to their opinions or experience, could now draw them into the sphere of this perpetual vividness. All were converted into listeners, but delighted listeners. The hours flew, all were equally excited, amused, and admiring. The banquet closed at last, with an universal expression that the companionship, which had thus gracefully commenced, should not terminate with the night. Carara was sounded as to his inclination to take service in the Imperial troops. He had "nothing to reconcile him, and much," as he frankly owned, "to make the measure at once useful and gratifying." "So be it," said the Colonel, grasping his hand. The officers rose and embraced him. His name was entered at the instant on the books of their regiment; his memorial to the Emperor was dictated by the general voice of the corps; and, on rising to take his departure, a general toast to the health of the "Count Carara, Cornet of the Imperial Hungarian Guards," made the ancient hall ring, and proudly finished one of the most delightful and cheering evenings of his existence.

Morning brought its reflections. He felt that in the contagious animation of the night, he had taken a decisive step, and there were moments when he wished that he had hesitated. "Higher cares and stronger interests might be compromised by his involvement in the necessary duties of a soldier. He had plunged into a new career, too, without taking the advice of the woman to whose happiness he was pledged." But the Hungarian's arrival put to flight the dreams of irresolution at once. He brought in his hand the Emperor's signature to the commission.

"You are now," said he, "not merely one of *us*, but, what is more important, you *are* in a position to forward your own objects with the Court. State your grievances there, with whatever plainness you like. Francis is a plain man, perfectly honest; in short, a true born Austrian; and, if you but make him understand your case, he will do you justice. In the mean time," he added gravely, "I am afraid that our hasty proceedings last night are likely to give you a more sudden experience of service than I should have desired for my friend. The news from France becomes of a still more angry description. The republicans, like all lovers of license, are running wild in their zeal for every man's rights. In their liberty, they are plundering, imprisoning, butchering, and preparing to rob every nation's property; and in their promises of a golden age, proclaiming war against every people of Europe. We may have some rough work even in this country, unless we look to it with more activity than is generally found in Aulic Councils."—"Likely enough; but what is all this to me?" interrupted Carara, with a smile. "I am a soldier, and the sooner I win my spurs the better. Welcome war, or any thing but winter quarters in the good city of Milan." The Colonel congratulated him on his having so soon found the tone of soldiership; and the rest of the day was given up to the details of his preparation, his visits, his introductions, his equipment, his commission and his Styrian charger. The next day's levee was appointed for the presentation of his memorial to the Emperor.

It was still dark, when a knock at the door of his chamber roused him from dreams worthy of Cæsar or Alexander. It was the Colonel's orderly. The regiment was appointed to be on parade within the half hour, and to march within the hour. The news was unexpected—but Carara was on the spot within the required time. To the enquiries which rose on all sides, the general answer was total ignorance of the purposes of this sudden movement. But the appearance of a long train of royal equipages, moving from the gateways of the Emperor's quarters, soon helped to illustrate the difficulty. The regiment drew up and saluted as the Imperial carriage passed; an officer of the staff rode up to the Colonel, a few words were exchanged, and the results appeared in the Colonel's sonorous voice ordering the right wing of the regiment to fall into the procession, and move forward as the escort. The Hungarian then put himself at their head, a courteous smile, and a wave of the sabre, were the only parting civilities allowed by the time on either side: and Carara, as he saw him plunge into the retiring cloud of plumage and lances, felt as if struck by some personal misfortune.

Weeks rolled along: the ground of the Emperor's speedy retreat was ascertained to be intelligence of an armament preparing to invade the northern Italian provinces. Large bodies of troops had been collected at Dijon, to be thrown over the route from Nice, and flank the Austrian armies on the Alpine frontier. The rumour died, was revived, died again, and thus the winter wore away. The division of the Hungarian guard left behind to attend upon the Viceroy, was continually harrassed by the minor details of the most perplexing of all services, a service of peace, in the hourly expectation of war. Gaming is the natural resource of the foreign soldier, on all occasions when he cannot sleep. Play ran high among the Guard, quarrels were the consequence, and Carara was reluctantly compelled to exhibit his swordmanship. The sword, however, had been the only exercise of his luxurious life; and as any thing in the hands of the dexterous Italian becomes superior to the finest means in those of almost any man of another nation, as he excels in adroitness of touch, quickness of eye, and elasticity of frame, the Count came off on all occasions with flying colours. Still the character of the regiment had degenerated, and he would have willingly abandoned all the honours that war had in prospect, to return to his own province, bury himself in a hermitage, and, with his wife and child, forget and be forgotten by the world.

Yet, to adopt this plan was now impossible. He was fairly bound to a service which no man could abandon while a sword was drawn against Austria. His only solace was his correspondence with his Countess, and his only feeling that his existence was of use to any one, was in his perpetual urgency of his case on the Court through his friend. But all the hazards of a life in a great Italian city, are not to be found in trials of skill with the rapiers of unwieldly Hungarian horsemen. Carara's handsome countenance had long become a topic among the Duchesses and Marchesas of the Viceroy's circle. His animated elegance, when he was animated at all, and the graceful melancholy which deepened every feature of his noble countenance into the expression of an Antinous, when the hour of excitement was past, threw the crowd of Milanese faces totally into the background. Letters and presents from unknown hands, sonnets in his honour, and smiles for his admiration, found him insensible. But the storm of tender passion continued not the less to assail the frozen heart of this unnatural son of love-making, love-breathing, and love-talking Ausonia. But the scorned cavalieri were not equally blind to this homage. A haughty half barbarian prince of the Frioul chose to feel insulted by a sneer of an equally haughty, but supremely polished princess of the Ferarese, who had fixed her establishment, her lapdogs, and her lovers, under the wings of the Court. A comparison of this ruthless Visigoth with the handsome officer of the Guard, marked him for the direst vengeance.

A heavy tread with the foot, in the La Scala, in the midst of one of Montalegri's most exquisite ballets, and in the moment when La Signora Seraphina Cherubina was in one of her most aerial flights, pirouetting over her expiring father and king, to the universal ecstacy, first acquainted Carara that he had an enemy in the capital. An insult which followed, and a rencontre which followed the insult, satisfied his convictions on the subject, and ought to have satisfied the indignant prince, who left the garden behind the theatre before the Signora had made a second pirouette, with six inches of the guardsman's sabre through his sword-arm, and a slash across the cheek, which disqualified him from wearing a moustache on that side for ever.

This tourney added to his reputation, his charms, and his worshippers, but it added formidably to his hazard. He was not left long in doubt on this point. Within the next twenty-four hours, as he was gazing out of his chamber window, inhaling the midnight air, after a convenient shade of excessive coolness, intolerable heat, and invincible ennui, at the palace of the Minerva of Milanese ladies, the Countess Alessa Herculaneo, and thinking whether some gracious fabrics were transacted in the tiring room, which he saw then pouring down its cabal of figures in the gardens of the hotel, he was startled from his speculation by a carbine-load of bullets lodged in the wall at the spot where he stood. The window was still vocal with the explosion with an universal crash, but two of the bullets reached their mark in the person. He was shot severely in the neck and arm, and was found by the attendants, who rushed in with the report, lying bleeding on the ground, and apparently dead. The Italian doctors are not always more successful than the Italian lovers, and therefore Carara recovered: but the recovery cost him three months of confinement, and nothing but his soldiership could have made him remain an hour among the conversaziones, the ridottos, or the cavaliers of Milan. A still more painful source of anxiety had been lately opened to him.—Some of the most subtle symptoms, which make the very atmosphere of the little Italian states, had driven his friend, the old Marquis, from his house, and with him his wife and child had been forced to fly. The head of the unfortunate Count was weighed to the earth by this intelligence; but what was to be done? After response with his family had ceased; it had probably been intercepted, and perhaps involved his honourable and heroic wife, and her generous friend, in the severities exercised without delay on every symptom of discontent with the proceedings of power. Their enemy, the governor of Pavia, was probably at that moment the master of all that he valued in the round world.

The thought was madness. Feeble as he was, he flung himself out of his bed, demanded an audience of the Viceroy, obtained a month's leave of absence, and set out, fevered and faint as he was, for Pavia; but as the carriage stopped at the first barrier, for the examination of his passports, he heard his name loudly pronounced by a party riding full speed to the city. It was the Hungarian coming with a detachment of the Imperial staff to join the garrison. He brought tidings that instantly put an end to Carara's journey. The French were in Lombardy: an unexpected army had passed the Alps under the First Consul; and, while the Austrian Cabinet were idly intriguing in Paris, the Aulic Council fixing all their grave telescopes on a camp of ten thousand conscripts at Dijon, an army of sixty thousand of the finest troops of the Republic, headed by their favourite General, was pouring down from the defiles in all quarters, and was at this moment at full march upon Milan.

The news was received, as all such news must be in a vast, populous, turbulent, and profligate city. All was in-tant tumult. The French partizans, and they were rapidly increased by the near hope of prey, plunder, and revenge, openly insulted the Austrian authorities. The Austrian authorities made good use of their little day of power, and imprisoned, scourged, mulcted, and hanged the rioters. The noble world packed up their last picture and their last paul, and made their way out of the gates as fast as they could. There never was such a scattering of the "brave that deserved the fair," and of the fair that rewarded the brave. Countesses and conversaziones were no more. The Viceroy's Court was reduced to himself and his valets. Every scudo in the treasury was piled in boxes, and the boxes were ready, in the baggage waggons of the artillery, to traverse the Peninsula. The ancient magistacy were in despair, or refitting their perukes and gowns with cockades and ribbons *a la tricolor*. The populace were, like every rabble on earth, delighted with any change which threatened to pull down their superiors. The whole nameless and still lower multitude, that live on the vices of a great city, were instantly turned into red-hot patriots, and were virtuously zealous, for the time to begin, when they might pilfer with impunity. The whole tribe of the dancing and singing heroes, heroines, fauns, satyrs, hamadryads, and fiddlers of the La Scala, were busy day and night in rehearsing a piece in honour of the downfall of Austria, the triumph of France, and the reign of purity all over the world.

The news still came thick and formidable. A succession of attacks by the various converging columns of the invading army were shaking the Austrians out of Lombardy by the hour. Bonaparte was within sight of the Ticino!—He had crossed it!—He had routed the troops posted to guard the passage! and the news was unequivocally vouched by the presence of the beaten troops, who came crowding into Milan, flogging the peasants for food, shooting those who were stubborn, and railing at the generals who had led or left them to be *culbuted* by the *Franzosen*.—The enemy lost no time. At midnight a courier arrived to the Viceroy from the General-in-chief Count Melas, announcing at once the capture of Torbigo, the possession of Turin, and the march of the enemy's main body upon the capital.

Even Austrian tardiness now felt that it was time time to move. The Viceroy threw himself into his britska, the whole tribe of employes provided for themselves as they could, and again at midnight the Hungarian guard were roused from their slumbers, ordered to horse, and with a blast of angry trumpets that startled the dreams of the whole city, the gallant escort moved out of the gates, and took the road to Mantua.

The campaign had now fairly begun. On the evening of the day which saw the Viceroy disappear, the French trailleurs were singing, dancing, and shouting in the *Piazza Grande* of Milan. The civic authorities, dressed in all the colours of the Republican rainbow, were preparing congratulations in the full classic trepidation for the conqueror; the cathedral, with all its marble saints, was flattering with flags and banners, and St. Charles of Barromeo hiled a tricolor standard in his venerable hand of bronze. Every pane in every window in Milan had its lamp, and in the blaze of fireworks, the shout of the populace, the braying of trumpets, the roar of artillery, and the terror of fainthearted hearts, the Conqueror himself, at the head of a staff of renowned names, was riding through the streets of the famous capital of Lombardy.

LITERARY CHARACTERS.

Anecdote of Fielding the Barrister.—Fielding was the son of the author of *Tom Jones*, and inherited to a great degree the wit and talents of his father. Pretensions to the title of a lawyer, or a man of business he had none. He was more addicted to the study of Shakespeare than of Lord Coke, and poetry had many more charms for him than black-letter prose. The extent of his legal knowledge and information was therefore extremely limited, the natural consequence of the turn of his mind and the direction of his studies: from him above, of my contemporaries, with the exception of Erskine, do I recollect to have heard a classical quotation introduced into his speeches. Extensively master of every English author of character, Shakspeare seemed to engross almost his whole attention, his quotations from him were frequent, happily timed, and admirably applied. The following anecdote will afford some proof of the justice of the observation:—At Braintree in Essex, an attorney of the name of Grant had got into considerable business. He was a tall raw-boned Scotchman, singular in his dress, and in figure realized the description of Lismahago in Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker*. He was a Presbyterian and inherited the inveterate antipathy to psalmody and church music which distinguishes the sect to which he belongs. At a parish meeting, it was proposed to have an organ erected in the church. This met with the concurrence of all the parishioners except Grant; he opposed the measure with violence and denounced it as profane. This gave offence, which ended in a riot in the Vestry-room; from which Grant was expelled without any ceremony, and with some degree of violence. This indignity raised his wrath to a very high pitch; and to obtain redress as well for the assault, as damages for the dishonour, and profit from the costs, he brought an action against those who had assisted in his expulsion from the vestry room. It came on to be tried at Chelmsford assizes. Fielding led for the defendants. There was no pretence for damages, and the case was only to be met with ridicule. It fell into the hands of one capable of giving it with the highest effect, and of putting the burlesque in the most ludicrous dress. Fielding treated it in a strain of irony, to which the figure and dress of Grant gave additional effect. "Gentlemen," said he to the Jury, "it has been said that 'music has charms to soothe the savage breast, to soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak.' Whatever opinion as to his pretensions to the title of savage you may be inclined to form from Mr. Grant's appearance, his opposition to the erection of the organ must convince you they are groundless. Had he really been a savage, the music of the organ must have had charms to soothe him; and what would bend the knotted oak would possibly have had the same effect on Mr. Grant. But you find, on the contrary, that he is inflexible, unsoothed, and unbent; and my clients are selected to feel the full measure of his distaste to harmony and antipathy to music. I may, perhaps," continued Fielding, "be going too far, in imputing to Mr. Grant an undistinguishing dislike to music. He may have a national attachment to the harmony of the bagpipe, which though improperly termed 'snuffling and broken winded,' may sound more sweetly in the ears of Mr. Grant than the sublime and solemn notes of the organ. There is no dispute about tastes. I must give Mr. Grant credit for some taste for music, though it may be confined to his national instrument. I would not wish to denounce him with Shakspeare's malediction:

> 'The man who hath no music in himself,
> And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils
> Let no such man be trusted!'

Far be it from me to impute to Mr. Grant any aptitude for treasons, or stratagems, or spoils,—except the legitimate ones of his own profession. Nor will I say of him, 'let no such man be trusted;' I confine the advice conveyed by those words as applying to Mr.

Grant no further than to let him not be trusted—with the subscriptions for building the organ." Mr. Grant's wounded feelings were consoled by a penny damages. —*Fraser.*

Loss of Wisdom.—In one of the Imperial towns in Germany it is customary to address the Mayor as "Your Wisdom." A party, who had consumed hour after hour in a bootless chase after the sapient functionary, having at last fallen in with him, very innocently hailed him, ejaculating, "I have been rummaging every nook and corner the whole day long, but deuce a bit could I find out *your wisdom*."

Gaming Houses.—Lord Byron describes a "Hell" to be a gaming house so called, where you risk little, and are cheated a good deal; and a "Club" as a pleasant purgatory, where you lose more, and are not supposed to be cheated at all.

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 22, 1832.

NATIONAL CEMETERIES.

It is a little remarkable when we consider the great bulk of customs which have been handed down to us from the ancients, that we have hitherto disregarded one of their strongest peculiarities—we mean their veneration for deceased friends. We have, it is true, our places of sepulture, but, could an inhabitant of ancient Thebes be shewn the situation of our places of repose for those whom 'living we have honoured,' surely, he would not give us credit for our expressions of sorrow and regret. The idea of appropriating certain places in a city as the receptacles for our deceased, must strike every thinking mind as a strange anomaly in our character as intelligent beings.

In the early pages of the sacred history, we find that the Patriarchs and their descendants resorted with their dead to places appointed 'without the city'—and many passages in the inspired writings might be pointed out as clearly indicating this necessity.

In China, Hindostan, and many other parts of Asia, the repositories of the dead are situated in parts remote from the busy haunts of life, and trees and flowers of a particular character are appropriated almost solely to adorn their burial places. The Egyptian Necropolis, or city of the dead, was situated in the mountains on the western side of Thebes, and was regarded as a place of peculiar veneration, containing the remains of all that was once dear, and where even the ruthless warrior in his most savage moments of exultation and rioting, would remember the sanctity of Necropolis.

Among the Mohammedans these places of our 'final sleep' come nearer to the idea of the ancients than any other nation. The tombs of the Mussulmans are separate from their cities, and are shaded by the mournful cypress, whose sombre character reveals to us that we have entered on the territories of the dead. The relatives and friends of the deceased are constantly seen busily attending the graves of those who once constituted the summit of their earthly joys. No rank weed is suffered to grow in the turf that forms their resting place, but flowers of a cheerful character are planted, which in the metaphorical signification of the East indicate the revival of the dead. The conviction of an 'after life,' as the belief of many of the ancients, is clearly shewn in the writings of Socrates Scholasticus, as quoted by Dr. Clarke, who, speaking of the hieroglyphs of Egypt, says, that the formation of the cross found sculptured on their tombs was the symbol employed to express the beautiful idea of immortality, or 'life to come.'

Many of the church-yards in Switzerland are partially indebted to the ancients for the introduction of flowers, &c.; but the boast of the European continent is the celebrated *Pere la Chaise*, near Paris. These grounds, containing about seventy acres, are beautifully laid out, and the situation is particularly appropriate for the purposes of sepulture. In the avenues leading to this interesting spot may be found the mortuary artisans who furnish every requisite for funeral observances. Here too are made those elegant little chaplets, &c. of the '*fleures immortelles*' with which the survivors dress the graves of their departed relatives and friends.

Some of the inscriptions and epitaphs are most touchingly expressed, and a stranger on his first visit to *Pere la Chaise*, cannot but be sensibly affected by the scene.

Within these grounds are gathered all that remains of what was once the beautiful and brave; the peer—whose birth alone proclaimed his prerogative, and the philosopher—whose greater distinction, arising from his knowledge and attainments in science, shall be acknowledged when peers are forgotten!

The bride, the mother, and the child—the soldier, the ecclesiastic and the lover, all sleep within this beautiful enclosure, teaching the great lesson to mankind, that Virtue alone outlives the tomb.

With the decided approbation of the British Legislature, the "English National Cemetery Company," recently instituted, have purchased a tract of land, covering a surface of eighty acres, in the neighbourhood of Hampstead, about four miles from the metropolis; the whole of which is now being planted with trees, &c. as a place for interment; and the whole extent will be surrounded with a wall as additional security. Such is the importance with which this subject has been considered by the inhabitants of the British metropolis, that nearly $150,000 has been subscribed, and of which two thirds have been actually collected. The present outlay for land-purchase and expenses is about $60,000, and if completed agreeably to the arrangements now laid down, it will constitute one of the noblest national undertakings at present known.

The evils arising from interments in churches and places of sepulture, in the midst of a dense population, has long since been pointed out by many of our most distinguished chymists and scientific men, and we trust that the day is not far distant when some of our 'Howards' and practical philanthropists will make this subject a matter for their serious consideration.

MALTESE ANCHOVIES.

Some few years ago, an Irish gentleman, attached to a regiment in garrison at Malta, procured leave of absence and returned to England to enjoy for a season the society of his friends. As is the custom of travellers, he was fond of relating the wonders he had seen. Among other things, he one day, in a public coffee-room, expatiated on the excellence of the military mess at Malta.

"But," said he, "as for the *anchovies*—by the powers, there's nothing to be seen like them in the known world!"

"Why, that is a bold assertion," said a gentleman present, "for I think England can boast of that article in as great perfection as any country, if not greater."

"My dear sir," replied the officer, "you'll pardon me for saying your opinion is founded on sheer ignorance of the fact;—but had you seen the fruit growing so large and beautiful, as I have seen it many's the day—"

"The fruit growing so large and beautiful—oh! my good sir, impossible!"

"Pray, sir, do you doubt the word of a gentleman?"

"I doubt the *fact*, sir," said the gentleman, "which it is impossible to believe!"

"Then, by the powers, you only display your own want of understanding, for I have seen the anchovies growing upon the trees in the governor's garden, with my own eyes, many's the hundred times;—besides, sir, the whole walls of the fortress are covered with them, as my brother officers can testify."

"Upon my honour," said the gentleman, "you must be mistaken, I cannot believe it."

"As much as to say, sir, in plain terms, that I have told a lie?—say the word, sir, and I am satisfied."

"Neither you, sir," returned the gentleman, "nor any other man, shall compel me to say that I believe that which is by nature impossible."

"Impossible, sir?—have I not told you that I have seen it with my own eyes, and do you doubt the word of an officer and a gentleman?—Sir, I am an Irishman, and an Irishman's honour is dearer to him than his life, and Cornelius O'Flanagan will not take the lie from any man, even if it was *true*; therefore I trust that every gentleman present will see that I have sufficient cause for requiring satisfaction."

"Satisfaction! pooh! pooh! mere difference of opinion?" exclaimed several of the party.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," returned the officer, "no difference of opinion at all; he has given me the lie; so I bid you, gentlemen, a good night; and, sir, there's my card, which I shall be happy to exchange for yours."

The Englishman, of course, gave his address, and the next day the parties met, attended by their seconds; they tired, and O'Flanagan's shot took effect in the fleshy part of his opponent's thigh, which made the latter jump about a foot from the ground, and fall flat on his back, where he lay for a few seconds in agony, kicking his heels.

This being observed by the officer's second, he said, "You have hit your man, O'Flanagan, that is certain—I think not dangerously, however, for see what capers he cuts."

"*Capers! capers!*" exclaimed O'Flanagan, "Oh! by the powers! what have I done?—what a dreadful mistake!"—and running up to his wounded antagonist, he took his hand, and pressing it eagerly, thus addressed him: "My dear friend, if ye're kilt, I ask your pardon in this world and the next, for I made a divil of a mistake; it was *capers* that I saw growing upon the trees at Malta, and not anchovies at all!"

The wounded man, smiling at this ludicrous explanation and apology, said: "My good fellow, I wish you had thought of that a little sooner: I don't think you have quite killed me; but I hope you will remember the difference between *Anchovies* and *Capers* as long as you live."

MRS. TROLLOPE'S "REFUGEE IN AMERICA."

This new work by Mrs. Trollope, intended, we believe, as a *figurative exposition* of her celebrated "Travels," has been issued by the London publishers. As Americans possess the love of "fun" in an equal degree with the inhabitants of the "old country," we cannot do better than give one of the sketches from these volumes—premising, that as from the ubiquity of idiom and habits that are pressed into the "native" character of this work, the whole will form as rich a fund of entertainment to this country, as the perusal has afforded to the parent land.

MRS. WILLIAMS' TEA PARTY.

"It is only in the artificial state of society which is found in the Old World, that it is necessary to bespeak people a month beforehand, for the purpose of regaling them with boiling water and frozen cream. In America, a woman says to her neighbours, 'Come to-morrow to tea with me,' and they come, without let or hindrance, by dozens, or by scores, as the case may be.

Mrs. Williams was determined to do honour both to Captain Birdmore's china, and to the commands of her brother; and she and her pretty Emily spent the whole of two days in going from house to house, throughout the town of Rochester, and saying to every one of sufficient fashion, 'Will you come and drink tea with us on Saturday? we have got a few friends, and the English people are coming.' This form was as powerful in its effect, as any '*Hue ad me*, to call fools into a circle,' that was ever used.

So great indeed was the curiosity to meet the party, who a short time before were in danger of being driven from the town by acclamation, as suspected felons, that not one of the invited but appeared at Mrs. Williams's party.

When Miss Gordon and her father entered, the walls of the parlour were lined with females, and the centre of the room was occupied by a host of gentlemen.

Mr. Warner and Mr. Wilson immediately stepped from among them, to shake hands with Mr. Gordon, while Emily came forward to take possession of his daughter. Lord Darcy's earnest request to be permitted to pass the evening in writing to his mother had been complied with, and he remained at home.

This arrangement was unfavourable to the popularity of Miss Gordon, for when Lord Darcy was not with her, she was apt to forget the peculiarity of their situation; and on this occasion she indulged in the display of a little hauteur, in return for all the undisguised curiosity with which she was regarded. Even the ladies who had previously called on her, seemed more inclined to stare, than to converse; and for half an hour after Emily had placed her in the seat she had carefully reserved on the sofa, it required all Miss Gordon's *savoir vivre* not to appear embarrassed at the silent and earnest observation of which she was the object.

Immediately upon her being seated, Mrs. Williams came to her, making a solemn curtesy, and said, 'How do you do, ma'am? I hope I see you well?'

This being spoken, and replied to, the lady retired. Emily contrived to hover near her for a little while, but was called away by her mother's saying, 'I expect Anatasia wants you, Emily Williams.'

Thus left to herself, Caroline looked round the room; not an eye but was fixed upon her, and the little conversation which was going on among the ladies, consisted in a cautious whisper between neighbours, of which it was but too easy to perceive that she was the subject.

It was impossible to bear this long. Mr. Warner had approached to pay his compliments to her, and when he was again about to retreat to the group of standing gentlemen, she stopped him by saying, 'Will you give me your arm across the room, Mr. Warner?' and before he well understood her purpose, she rose, and passed her arm within his. This action seemed to dissolve the spell which had fallen upon the female tongues; but among the few phrases that reached her, still fewer were intelligible, which, considering the spirit that appeared to pervade them, was not much to be regretted.

'Lock and Lock, I declare! thank the praise, I was born in America! Now shou'dn't you be right down consternated, if you saw Benjamina do that?'

'I cannot realize how any girl can get upon such a lay, and yet keep her standing!'

'If I live from July to eternity, I shall never obliviate that go!'

'How she swiggles her way through the gentlemen! Did you ever?'

'My! It's musical enough to be sure, just to watch her ways!'

While these sharp darts flew lightly past her, on their foreign idiom, Miss Gordon continued her adventurous progress to the place which Madame de Clairville occupied at the farther end of the long apartment.

Madame de Clairville was not a great person at Rochester. The ladies had discovered that she had but two visiting gowns in the world. She was invited to the parties, because she was 'one of the ladies at Mrs. Bevan's,' but as no one ever saw a new ribbon about her, since the day of her arrival, now nearly six months ago; as she spoke English with difficulty, and generally smiled in the wrong place, when she was spoken to; as she belonged to no congregation, and never gave tea, she was considered a little nobody.

Miss Gordon's marked attention to her created great surprise, till some one cleverly observed that 'twas natural enough for Europeans to be glad to see one another.'

Madame de Clairville was delighted. She rose to meet the fair stranger with an air of graceful *empressement*, well calculated to make her gown forgotten, at least by Caroline. There was no space to admit Miss Gordon next her, and perceiving this, the young lady took the arm of madame, and again crossed the room to the fire-place, where, to the unspeakable astonishment of the party, they stood together chatting in French, with an air of easy gaiety, that drew down many a disapproving 'My!' from the fair spectators.

Mr. Wilson now approached them, leading forward his son, who entered into conversation in French and in English, with both ladies, without restraint, and really deserved some gratitude for his knight errantry; for he was the only young man who ventured to approach them. His gallantry, however, did not endure long, for he soon quitted them, and left the room.

Tea, coffee, and cakes, were now handed round, by two smartly dressed young women. Emily followed them into the room; her cheeks wore an unusual glow, and she was evidently agitated. 'C'est une petit ange que cette Emile—quel dommage qu'elle va rester ici toute sa vie!' said Madame de Clairville. Emily was quite shocked at seeing them standing, and immediately brought two chairs from different parts of the room for their accommodation, which she placed in the small vacant spaces on each side the chimney-piece. 'Cannot we manage better than that, Emily?' said Miss Gordon, removing her chair to the opposite side; 'I must hear the end of what madame was saying,' and without ceremony she placed herself *vis-a-vis* to the little French woman, with her back to the majority of the company.

It required all brother Wilson's influence to preserve Miss Gordon's name after this.

'Did you ever! such airs!'

'What confidence!'

''Tis just to show off, that she can talk French.'

'Nothing but that, you may allot upon it, or she would never pick out that little shabby body.'

* * * *

Miss Gordon and Madame de Clairville seated themselves at a little distance, and would from thence have enjoyed at their ease the pleasure of listening, had not their attention been withdrawn from the singing, by the whispered, but earnest conversation of two ladies who were seated next them: one of these was Miss Duncomb, and the other a stout, jovial looking woman, whose drawling, canting tone of voice, offered an amusing contrast to the comfortable look of good humour and self-indulgence which her face and person exhibited.

'I shall ever maintain, Mrs. Barnet, that, when it is in the way of our vocation that we are exposed to the snare of the fowler, we are sure to be sustained in the path.'

'But it is a fearful peril that we run, Miss Duncomb,' drawled the fat lady, 'listening this fashion to the breath of manhood, uttering the words of love!'

'Ah—h!' answered Miss Duncomb, with a shudder, 'it is a sin and abomination, but it is our duty, Mrs. Barnet, to follow where the righteous lead. Is he not the son of our brother?'

'That's a fact, Miss Duncomb, and the most strange is it, that he should sit caterwauling the same just like the son of any other man. 'Tis awful, Miss Duncomb!'

'Mrs. Barnet, I guess, ma'am, that you do not know the young man as well as I do; he is as prayerfully disposed as any young man that I know of, and were we advanced enough to missionize from this, I cannot realize that there is any one more fit to promote christianization among the heathen, and to happify his converts, than young Mr. Robert.'

'I don't wish to blame your associational feelings, Miss Duncomb; but to eventuate what I was going to say, I must confess that for a young man of such capacity, he ought by this to have showed more anxitude for the welfare of the church.—Dear me, Miss Duncomb, only look at Miss Martin's muslin! Is it as coarse as hominy?'

'I wish 'twas a little higher about the neck, Mrs. Barnet, and I wou'dn't find fault with the muslin

The young miss would conduct better, if she thought less of her beauty.'

'That's a fact!—I wish it would convene to Anastasia to bring the oysters this way; I feel altogether faintish.'

The oysters and ices approached for the fourth time, and Miss Gordon hastened to take leave, but first engaged Madame de Clairville to pass the next evening with her."

DOGBERRY'S NOTE BOOK.

NO. VIII.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel, descendants of Abraham, and dealers in fish, were brought up on a peace warrant, to answer the complaint of Mr. and Mrs. Prendergast, their neighbors.

Mr. P. growled out his complaint in a sort of double bass voice, which was to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Joel had annoyed him and his spouse most grievously by calling them odious names, and creating a mob before their domicile.

Mr. Joel, a mere pigmy compared with Mr. P. but possessing no little spirit, declared with some vehemence, 'dat de poot was on de oder leg,' and that Mrs. Prendergast was the first aggressor, having applied certain epithets to Mrs. Joel which no honest woman could endure with patience, 'vereas,' added Mr. Joel, 've are married by de law of Moshes.'

Mrs. Joel, who was at her husband's elbow, and not much above it, then proceeded to state 'the truth' —viz. that Mrs. Prendergast came to her shop in the open day, and called her what was dreadful to repeat; and this was not all, but she caught up the fish which lay for sale in the *vinder*, and pelted Mrs. Joel vith them, until she 'vas almost blinded, and scaly all over.' After this she certainly did, all 'fishy and scaly' as she was, and more like a mermaid than any other maid, follow Mrs. Prendergast, and expose her before her own house.

Mrs. Prendergast, a sturdy amazon, then stood forward, and said 'that her lodger told her that a neighbor said, that a young woman she knew said, that Mrs. Joel said she (Mrs. P.) was a—what she would not say before their worships; and she acknowledged that on hearing that she did go and rate Mrs. Joel, and was so angry, that she threw all her fish at her head.

The magistrates told them they were all very foolish, and without making fish of one and flesh of another, ordered them to pay the expenses of the warrant between them.

Mr. Prendergast muttered that was a queer piece of '*chushtice*,' and Mr. Joel declared he would go to a higher 'tripunal' and get damages for his fish.

A Signor Ypsilanti, an Italian, who officiates as *maitre de danse* to a *quadrille* of those imitative animals whom the late Lord Monboddo persisted in designating 'little men with tails on,' was placed at the bar. The defendant, from whose general appearance, and the style of his ornaments, it might almost have been inferred that he had himself 'exchanged his humanity with a baboon,' was accused by a little boy of having broken his pate with a stone, in consequence of the boy's having, while gazing in infantine extacy upon pug's evolutions, inadvertently dislodged, with his elbow, a pot of porter from the summit of a post, where it stood in foaming magnificence, ready to refresh the fiddler in the intervals of the dance. The fact was not denied, but it was pleaded, *per contra*, that to have the Signor's *pewter* overturned in this way was really too much for human patience to endure; and as the Court seemed rather to lean to this opinion, and to think the aggravation a great palliation, if not an absolute excuse for the assault, which did not moreover appear to have been attended with any very formidable consequences, the charge was dismissed. Signor Ypsilanti accordingly shrugged, bowed, and quitted the office, followed by his *Simious* family, all grinning and chattering in full costume.

Ebenezer Coker, a Billingsgate porter, but as lean as a Spitalfields' weaver, was called upon to show cause why he should not be punished according to law for having amused himself by pulling the nose of John Dixon, without the owner's leave.

John Dixon deposed, that he 'knowed nothink on the defendant, and the defendant knowed nothink on him, no furder than being tosticated he squeezed his nose with sitch wengeance that he was obligated to call a hofficer.'

'Why,' said the Magistrate, addressing Coker, 'you promised me faithfully, the last time you were here, you would not get drunk again.'

'Me drunk!' said Coker; 'vy, I aint been able to yarn wittles, leave alone drink; and as for being drunk yesterday, vy, all I had vas a pot of porter at my fast turn, with some gin, and artervurds a little more gin, with a pint o' coffee for breakfast. As for the 'sault as is charged on me, this here man desarved vhat he got. I vent into a public-ouse to sell my shrimps, vitch are precious dear now, and vhile my back vas turned, I seed him put his hand into my basket in a hunbecoming sort o' vay. Sis I, 'I don't call this here hacting like a gentleman, to go for to prig a poor man's srimps;' and so he told me to give him none of my sarse, for he warnt a goin' to be scandalised in no sitch vay. Howsomdever, as I know'd he'd been guilty of the crime, ve got into a hargement, ven I might just have touched him on the nose.'

'Well,' said the Magistrate to the complainant, 'I suppose you will be satisfied with an apology.'

Complainant (scratching his head)—'I can't afford to take a pology, as I'm only a poor man, unless he stands a bit o' summut to heat and a drop o' summut to drink, and a little *summut* for myself.'

The defendant having consented to give the complainant sixpence, the Magistrate allowed them to settle the other 'summuts' by dismissing the complaint.

CURRAGHMORE,

A SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD.

The name signifies 'the great plain' and the surrounding country is of singular beauty and fertility.

Summer, shining Summer,
Art thou bringing now
Colours to the red rose,
Green leaves to the bough,
Music to the singing birds,
And honey to the bee?
Summer, shining Summer,
Oh! welcome unto thee!

Now linger in our valley,
Oh, why shouldst thou go forth,
To thaw the snow and icicles
Of the eternal north?
Where wilt thou find a valley
More lovely for your home?
Ah! even now the shadows
Are lengthening as they come.

Well, Autumn, thou art welcome,
With sheaves of ripened corn:
The hunter's moon is shining,
The hills ring with his horn.
The grapes are dyed with purple,
The leaves are tinged with red,
And the green and golden plumage
Of the pheasant's wing is spread.

What! snow upon the mountains!
Heap pine boughs on the hearth;
Broach ye the crimson malvoisie;
Let the old hall ring with mirth.
Fill the lattices with holly,
Let the lamps and torches blaze,
And let the ancient harper
Sing songs of other days. L.E.L.

The Navy Department.—We make the following extracts from the Secretary's Report:

"New evidences have been furnished of the importance of our Navy in sustaining the American character abroad, and in extending and protecting some of our most valuable interests."

The Constellation, connected with the Mediterranean squadron, finding the blockade of Madeira very imperfectly maintained and indulgences manifested to the flag of other nations, her commander "came to a conclusion, very fortunate for those interested in the trade to Madeira, that while such a state of things continued, he was justified in extending assistance to our merchantmen to enter the port of their destination with their perishable cargoes." The changes in the Mediterranean force are then specified; and the affair with the Malays next adverted to. The commander of the Potomac was instructed to ascertain whether the outrages committed in the case of the ship Friendship were what was reported; whether they had been provoked; and whether they were by mere pirates and savages, or by those with whom a diplomatic intercourse might take effect. "The result of that visit has been to silence all exultation and menaces of further violence from these sea robbers; to draw from them acknowledgments of past errors, and promises of future forbearance from like offences, and to insure, as yet, a scrupulous fulfilment of those promises." Other ships of war have been directed to touch at Sumatra and other places in that quarter of the globe, to give proper effect to the Potomac's visit. The affair at the Falkland Islands is alluded to as taking place under the general instruction of the Brazilian squadron "to take all proper measures for the effectual security of our commerce and fisheries. Special orders on that subject had been principally prepared and forwarded by this Department; but they had not arrived at the time of the prompt and successful interference by the Lexington. Our commerce and fisheries have not been molested in that quarter since that occurrence." Naval protection has been extended to both American citizens and others at Para and Maranham, in local disturbances; at Montevideo, in the late revolutionary proceedings there; and on the coast of Mexico. "The recent seizure of the Montezuma, a vessel belonging to Santa Anna, was made by the Grampus without any special instructions from this Department; but on the case reported to her commander, the seizure was deemed by him both necessary and proper in the execution of his general orders to shield our flag, our citizens, and their property, from unlawful aggressions."

"The property on hand at the several yards consisting chiefly of timber, iron, copper and arms, continues to increase in amount. The whole now exceeds in value the sum of five millions five hundred and seventy-nine thousand nine hundred and seventeen dollars. Independent of what is provided for repairs of vessels, we have on hand the frames for four ships of the line, seven frigates, four sloops, and three steam batteries: nine hundred tons of iron, four hundred and fifty-eight tons of copper, ninety-three tons of lead; two thousand two hundred and thirty-two cannon carronades, three thousand five hundred and four muskets—about thrice as many pistols and cutlasses, two hundred and twenty-eight thousand nine hundred and eight round and double headed cannon balls, besides grape and cannister; thirty-five thousand six hundred pounds of powder; one hundred and ninety-eight thousand three hundred and eighty two pounds of sulphur, and about double that quantity in nitre.—Increased attention has been bestowed on the due arrangement and preservation of all these materials; and new securities for their proper use and the accountability of them, will probably be introduced into the revised naval regulations now preparing. Without much previous attention to the extent and quality of these materials, it will never be in our power, in any future emergency, to develope suddenly, and employ efficiently, the great naval capacities of this country for annoyance of an enemy, and for protection to our commerce, as well as for maritime defence."

"Our seamen have, in general, evinced a strong and increasing attachment to the service. Great care has, with success, been taken to prevent their times of enlistment from expiring abroad. No occasion has arisen to open the rendezvous at home, for some months. Whenever opened during the year, an ample supply of men has been readily obtained. The habits of our seamen are improving in respect to temperance. In most of our ships they have generally enjoyed excellent health, and the visitations among them of that alarming scourge, the Asiatic cholera, have been neither frequent nor severe. Corporal punishment has become less common and less necessary. The present ration of provision issued for their sustenance, cannot lawfully be changed by the Department alone, but could be altered by Congress so as to increase its variety, its nutriment, and healthful qualities. The ingredients recommended in a special report from this Department, at the last session, would be no more expensive than those now composing the ration, and much more acceptable to most seamen."

Naval Architecture.—It would occupy too much time, and the premises would be too uncertain, to make any accurate calculation of the expenses saved by the ship-owner by the evasion of the tonnage duties and regulations. One or two points may, however, be introduced, to enable the reader to form an idea. By the regulation during the war, every ship was obliged to carry an apprentice for every hundred tons of measurement; a vessel, therefore, of 600 tons, measuring but 400, saved two apprentices at an expense of £30 per annum each. The duties entering the port of London for a vessel of 400 tons, amount to £60; for one of 600, £90; allowing a vessel to enter but twice during the year, in these two items alone there will be a saving of £120. But we have to take into consideration duties in foreign ports, and on our shores, all defrayed according to tonnage measurement. We shall, therefore, dismiss this part of the subject with one observation, which is, that as an English-built vessel of 600 tons is by the present measurement reduced to 400 tons, and a foreign vessel built for sailing, like the Neufchatel, carrying but 200, is increased to 400 by the same measurement, it follows that the latter pays the same duties as the former, and in consequence sails at three times the expense. The more modern surveyors of our navy not only have not been able to build fine ships, but they have not been able to copy from a good model. We do not recollect one instance in which they have succeeded. The excellent properties of the Victoory, as a three-decked ship, occasioned the Bayne to be constructed upon her lines; but as soon as the Boyne was afloat, it was found that she did not possess one good quality, and that it was a miserable failure.—The French frigate Pomone was attempted to be copied in the Endymion and some others, but without success in any one instance. The beautiful model of the Presidente was outraged in the Seringapatam, and thus it invariably occcurred, either from the ignorance or obstinacy of the party who introduced what he considered would be an improvement, but which invariably proved to be an anomaly which ruined the whole. The lines of the Canopus and Malta were sent to India, to be reproduced in the Asia, Ganges, Melville, and others; strange to say, the natives of India succeeded better than they did in our own dock-yards, and their vessels would have been exact copies had it not been that they were injured by the round stern, to effect which an alteration was made, which has greatly deteriorated from the propriety of those fine vessels.—*London Metropolitan.*

A Coloured Cravat.—"Sir, I shall fine you for not wearing a white cravat with your academic dress," said a strict disciplarian to an unfortunate freshman, on a raw morning in January. "Fine me! I assure you, Sir, my cravat is white."—"How can you say so, Sir? Do I not see that it is blue."—"Oh, Sir, it was white when I put it on this morning, but it looks blue from the cold."

GLEANINGS.

Literary Guzzlement.—Hume, Smith, and other literati of the last century, used to frequent a tavern in a low street in Edinburgh called the Poterrow; where, if their accommodations were not of the first order, they had at least no cause to complain of the scantiness of their fare. One day, as the landlady was bringing in a *third* supply of a particularly good dish, she thus addressed them:—'They ca' ye the *literawti*, I believe; od, if they were fo ca' ye the *caterawti*, they would be nearer the mark.'

Only one Spur.—Butler, in his Hudibras, said a great many witty, and some useful things; his amusing discovery that if one side of a horse be spurred, the other will keep up of its own accord, certainly evinces a knowledge of the habits of that animal, and may with propriety be applied to many other sorts of things upon which we may undertake to drive through the world.

To be a Parliament man.—During a canvass of a Mr. Garnett among the electors of Salford, (Eng.) he and his friends called at a huckster's shop, in which was only a boy, who having learned their business, went to the foot of the stairs, and called to his mother, who was above, "Mother, here's a man, as wants ye'r vote for him t' be a Parliament man." "Well," shouted his mother, "tell him thy feyther's not home, but if he'll chalk his name on the counter, we'll inquire into his character."

Great Talkers.—Of all borrowers, your great talker is the most insufferable; for he is continually saying to his neighbor, "Lend me thine ears." He is likewise the most impudent, for, he will frequently take your ears, without so much as asking for the loan of them.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—The land upon which this city is built, is said to have originally cost 40 dollars. It contained 640 acres, or a quarter section. Now, (in 1832) some part of it is said to be worth $20 a foot.

Mr. Rothschild's Business.—This gentleman stated before the Committee of the House of Commons, that he buys bills on foreign houses to the amount of 80,000*l.* or 100,000*l.* per week; and he received in the year 1824, in two months, to the amount of 1,500,000*l.*

Neutralizing Medicines.—An apothecary in the country sent a lady three draughts, and on being asked what effect they were intended to produce, said, 'The first, madam, is to warm you, the second to cool you, and the third to prevent the excessive effects of either.

London Gas Lights.—The gas which lights the English metropolis is calculated to consume 38,000 chaldrons of coal per annum; 65,000 lamps in shops, houses, &c. and 7,500 street lamps. In 1822 the gas pipes in and around London were above 1,000 miles in length. Gas lights of half an inch in diameter supply a light equal to 20 candles; of one inch in diameter equal to 100; two inches, 420; three inches to 1,000.

Wild Ducks.—Mr. Cartwright, a celebrated English ornithologist, who lived long in a desolate region, computed the rate at which certain wild ducks flew, to be not less than ninety miles per hour. Spallanzani found, by actual experiment, that a swallow flew from Bologna to Modena, a distance of twenty miles, in the almost inconceivable time of two minutes—thus going at the rate of twelve hundred miles per hour.—*Boston Atlas.*

Mr. Benjamin Phillips, architect, of Philadelphia, proposes to construct a steam car to travel on rivers, at a speed of 20 to 25 miles per hour, to carry one hundred passengers, to draw 15 inches water, to be only one third the weight of any ordinary steamboat of the same dimensions now afloat; of far superior strength and safety, constructed on entirely new principles; the whole materials, except the engine and boiler not to cost above 1500 dollars, complete furnished and ready for operation by the first of May next, 1832.—*Balt. Rep.*

Bellini's Opera Il Pirata.—The composer is a young author, not yet sufficiently known to have had a place in the numerous works of Italy which have recently emanated from the press. It was a mere accident that brought him to the knowledge of his own musical contemporaries. Rossini was on his way to Bologna when he attended the theatre at Milan, and there was astonished at a representation of the Pirate. The author was present, Rossini sought his acquaintance, and quite a scene occurred on their becoming known to each other.

Travelling commenced on the 16th on the whole line of Rail Road from Amboy to Bordentown. Although the road was heavy from the rains, the passengers were conveyed from New York to Philadelphia, in *eight hours and forty minutes.*

Sleighing—never better—bells jingling in every direction—snow a foot deep—and business brisk as you please.—weather neither too cold nor too warm.—*Montpelier (Vt.) Watchman.*

EPITAPH.

It rained a deluge; Joseph reached home late;
The bell long tugged; at last, popped out a pate;
"Who's that there ringing now?" squalls sleepy Bet;
"'Tis I, you jade," says he, "*I'm wringing wet.*"

THE GOODWIVES OF WEINSBERG.

By Mary Howitt.

Who can tell me where Weinsberg lies?
As brave a town as any;
It must have cradled good and wise,
Both wives and maidens many.
Should I e'er wooing leave to-day,
I' faith, to Weinsberg will I wend!

'Tis Emperor Conrad, on a time,
To wrath the town was stirring,
And swear it lay his will and prime
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

because I choose to live in independence, affluence to me, with a mind serene and prospects unclouded, I am supposed to me be mad. In making use of the word affluence, I do not mean to exclude some inconveniences annexed, but this is the case in every state. I wish for more suitable lodgings, but I am unfortunately averse to a street, after living so long in a square; but with all my labour to find one, I cannot fix on a spot such as I wish to make my residence for life, and till I do, and am confined to London, the beautiful view from my present apartment of the Surrey hills and the Thames, invites me to remain here, for I believe that there is neither such fine air, nor so fine a prospect in in all the town. I am, besides, near my sisters here; and the time when they are not with me is so widely engrossed in writing, that I want leisure for the convenience of walking out. Retirement in the country would, perhaps, have been more advisable than in London, but my sisters did not like to accompany me, and I did not like to leave them behind. There is, besides, something animating in the reflection that I am in London, though partaking of none of its festivities.

Dr. Parr.—"During the trial or rather the prosecution of Mr. Hastings, Burke, Fox, and Sheridan were so completely with her Carr, who thought proper to give his opinion on the respective speeches of Fox and Sheridan on that memorable event. The Doctor was differed as to arguments on the last two, mixing censure with commendation, but said nothing of Burke's speech. I urged the point some time to evident expectation; the Doctor, however, remained silent. At length Burke, who could restrain his impatience no longer said, 'You have made an able comment on the speeches of my two friends with acute judicious, and eloquent observations, but as you say nothing upon my speech on the subject, I conclude you are too delicate to expect any more praise, and that you could not find fault.' 'No so, Edmund, replied the Doctor, 'your speech was oppressed by epithet, dislocated by parenthesis, and debilitated by anaphora.'"

The following story is told of Dr. Parr, but I do not vouch for its authenticity. [It is as well not to do it.—*Ed. Atlas.*] It seems he did not live happily with his third wife, and he had a rival that was a greater favourite. When he returned home one day, and was going into his library, the fondness of a previous domestic fued not having subsided on either part, on opening the room door something bolted forcibly on his face. Upon examination he found that his favourite cat had been hanged, and placed in that position on purpose to annoy him. Upon discovering this, he suddenly hastened to a portrait of his wife and cut the throat, exclaiming with vehemence, "Thus would I serve the original, if the law would permit me."

For better for worse.—"This reminds me of another strange connubial squabble. A tradesman and his wife having had a bitter quarrel, in order to squeeze their fury they threw all their portable furniture out of the window. The wife then drew the bed to the window, ripped the ticking and set all the feathers afloat in the open air, then rushing to the banisters of the stairs and breaking her arm upon them with an infinite energy exclaimed, 'Now, you scoundrel, you must pay for a surgeon!'"

Bank of the United States.—In consequence of the implications against the standing of the Bank, made in the Message of the President to Congress, the following extract from a statement of its affairs on the 1st of Nov. presented to the Treasury Department, is published.

According to that statement, it appears that the whole of the claims of every description against the Bank, was as follows:

For notes in circulation,	$17,968,733 26
Deposits of all kinds,	11,580,520 39
The holders of funded debt redeemable,	4,747,696 45
Making a total of	$37,296,950 20

This is the full extent of the demands on the bank. Now, what is there to meet them?

1. Gold and silver,		$8,026,055 45
2. Funds in Europe, equivalent to, indeed better than gold and silver here,		2,885,010 26
3. Real Estate,		2,997,161 53
4. Due by State Banks,		3,512,953 24
5. Due by individuals,		62,172,741 79
Making an aggregate of		$79,593,871 27

The *Bank of the United States* has set forth a vindication of their doings in the case of the Three per Cents.; and the person directed by the Secretary of the Treasury to examine into the security of the Government deposites, and the condition of the Bank, reports, that neither the security of the public money, nor the solvency of the Bank, "can, in my opinion, admit of a doubt."

Retailing Spirits.—A memorial to the Corporation of this City has been prepared, in which, after stating that, besides the manifests evils of the present system, it is the evident intention of the laws that Tavern Keepers only should be licensed to retail spirits, they pray "that no person keeping a store for the sale of groceries, or any other goods or merchandise, should be licensed to retail ardent spirits, or to suffer them to be drank in their shops, or on their premises."

"The reasonableness of such a law, says the memorial, and what is of more importance, of such practice under it, must be admitted by every one; for as well might the butcher in the market, the baker or the hardware man, or the dry goods dealer, ask permission to retail ardent spirits to their customers, as an inducement to get custom, as that grocers should be permitted to induce customers to come in by reason of the retailing ardent liquors. Many grocers with whom your memorialists have spoken, have expressed a perfect willingness to separate their business, and to desist from retailing liquors, if the neighboring grocer did the same; but they say they cannot do it without injury to their business, unless others in like business do so also. And your memorialists think the retailers themselves could not object to the grocers not being permitted to sell, for they would have the more customers; at least they would have the selling of all that was retailed."

The Post Office Department.—We annex an abstract of the Report of the Post Master General.

"It appears that there has been an unprecedented increase in the amount of mail transportation during the year. The amount of such transportation

On the 1st July, 1829	13,700,000 miles
Do. 1st July, 1830	11,500,000
Do. 1st July, 1831	15,468,692
Do. 1st July, 1832	23,525,021

The increase of the annual transportation of the mail was,

From July 1, 1829, to July 1, 1830,	800,000 m.
From July 1, 1830, to July 1, 1831,	960,692
From July 1, 1831, to July 1, 1832,	8,156,329

In the annexed schedule will be seen, in the first column of figures, the length of the Post Roads in the different States, on the 1st July last, exclusive of those established by the law of the last session of Congress; and in the second, the amount of annual transportation.

	Length of Post Roads.	*Amt of transpn*
In Maine	3,120	735,456
New Hampshire	2,270	621,156
Vermont	2,537	675,504
Massachusetts	3,657	1,732,515
Rhode Island	348	161,784
Connecticut	1,709	691,440
New York	12,956	2,007,231
New Jersey	1,854	809,589
Pennsylvania	9,784	2,567,075
Delaware	537	103,056
Maryland	1,963	783,817
Alexandria	210	152,648
Ohio	5,950	1,789,965
Kentucky	5,629	1,131,104
Virginia	8,542	1,910,502
North Carolina	6,385	1,188,571
South Carolina	3,019	920,205
Georgia	3,171	636,984
Florida	741	65,808
Louisiana	1,856	175,356
Mississippi	2,051	253,284
Alabama	3,170	761,031
Tennessee	5,478	935,583
Arkansas	1,959	193,076
Missouri	1,892	196,300
Illinois	3,276	204,164
Indiana	4,445	602,954
Making together	104,467	23,625,021

Of which in stages, 17,222,713; steamboats, 498,901; on horseback and in sulkies, 6,903,407. Total as above, 23,625,021

Very many improvements have been made on different routes, by which the transportation has been expedited or rendered more frequent, or both. The most important of these improvements is on the route from New Orleans to this city. From a tri-weekly mail, it has been converted into a daily; and from 18 or 20 days passage, the time has been reduced to 13 days. [It is remarked that excellent as this improvement is on paper, it has not fully taken effect in practice.]

The revenue of the department, comprising the whole amount of postage accruing within a year commencing July 1, 1831, and ending June 30, 1832, amounts to $2,258,570 17.

The expenditures of the Department within the same period were—

For compensation to Postmasters,	$715,481 68
For transportation of the mail,	1,482,597 22
For incidental expenses,	68,111 45
Total,	2,266,189 35

Making an excess of expenditure beyond the revenue of the year, of 7,530 18

The surplus available fund of the Department on the 1st of July, 1831, was $210,112 89. From which deduct the above $7,530 18, and $71,31 paid into the Treasury of the United States by irregular deposites, and there remains $202,811 4, as the surplus available fund on the 1st July, 1832.

The revenue of the department, for the year ending

June 30, 1829, was	$1,707,418 42
June 30, 1830, "	1,850,583 10
June 30, 1831, "	1,997,811 51
June 30, 1832, "	2,258,570 17

The increase of postage over that of the preceding year, for the year ending

June 30, 1829, was	$108,450 47
June 30, 1830, "	143,164 68
June 30, 1831, "	147,228 41
June 30, 1832, "	260,758 63

Being a greater increase for the year ending June 30, 1832, by $113,530 19, than accrued during any preceding year.

There were in the United States on the 1st July, 1831, 8,686 post-offices; on the 30th June, 1832, 9,205. Increase, 519.

Interments in Boston.—Thirty-four deaths are reported in the city of Boston, for the past week, of which three were by Cholera.

NORWEGIAN JOVIALITY.

The ancient Danes were considered in their day as the *bon vivans* of Europe, but the following sketch from Captain Brooke's "Winter in Lapland," shows that their near neighbours in "Old Norway," are not behind in Scandinavian joviality.

"One evening the whole small society of Hammerfest would come in their boats to drink punch, and smoke their pipes at the Red House: and the number being swelled by the captains of the different vessels, the party was consequently pretty numerous. My little room then resounded with loud effusions of hearts unacquainted with care, and little anxious about what the morrow would produce. These drinking bouts were conducted with such spirit, that it reminded me of the good old days, when our ancestors were in like manner worthy disciples of Anacreon, and would have caused a blush in the cheeks of the degenerate water-drinkers of the present age. They were in fact rude creatures, that many a hard fit strong er than my own would have sunk in the conflict: and I really despaired, that any exertions, however great on my part, during my short residence, could render me a worthy companion to such men as Fogel, Meyer, Aagaard, or Jentof. The first of these was a giant, with powers unrivalled in Finmark. Developed in smoke, and swallowed streams of liquid fire, the sherill was in fact the soul of every party; and he arrived at Hammerfest from Alten, where his presence was frequently required from his high office, was the speedy forerunner of a procession of jovial parties. At these, the only liquor drunk is punch, wine being almost unknown in Finmark: except that occasionally a few bottles of a villainous black compound find their way from Bergen or Throndhjem and enabling those who can afford to drink it to form no other idea of that wine, the name to which it bears, than what its colour may suggest. This, however, is rarely the case, as the merchants wisely prefer their own native liquors and in the making of this the ladies of every family are so skilful, that having once tasted the nectar which flows from their hands, it is scarcely possible to resist temptation. They nevertheless do not participate further in these ceremonies, than entering occasionally to replenish the bowls. These meets in summer-time commence generally about six o'clock, and in winter about four, and are carried on without intermission till after midnight. Every one brings his pipe; without this he would be miserable, and not even the punch could make him feel comfortable. The room is especially filled with smoke so dense, that it is difficult to distinguish persons.

Most of the company during this time are deeply engaged, with his pipe in his mouth, at their favourite game of whist; while the remainder pace the room with slow and measured steps. Now the first toast is announced by the master of the house, which is *Gammel Norige*, 'Old Norway.' The effect produced is electrical; the whole party instantaneously rise, the capacious glasses are filled to the brim; every one then touches with his own glass the top of every one in the room, which is called *klinking*, and is similar to our old-fashioned custom of hob-nobbing; and the contents are drank off and smoking resumed, till the national song of Norway is commenced, and sung in loud chorus by all with the greatest enthusiasm.

Of the domestic arrangements at Hammerfest, a considerable town in Norwegian Finmark, Capt. B. writes.

"The young women of each family have the whole of the household management consigned to them. They rise at an early hour of the morning, to prepare the coffee for the family, which is taken by every one in bed. This appears at first to a stranger a very singular custom, and he is little prepared to expect so luxurious and idle a habit at the North Cape of Europe. It is common, however, in other parts of Norway, and is extremely well suited in particular to the kind of life the Hammerfest merchant leads. He is never remarkable for early rising; and having little or nothing to do when the winter sets in, his bed occupies no small portion of the long night. It is composed of two soft eider-down feather-beds, between which he creeps, and if he were transported even into the midst of the frozen ocean, he would suffer little inconvenience with this protection. The best these eider-down quilts give is extraordinary; and their lightness is such, from the materials with which they are filled, that the whole weight of them does not exceed that of a common blanket. They are on this account admirably adapted for the purposes of warmth; and every one sleeps in this soft manner, without any other bed-clothes. I confess, however, I never could endure these arctic luxuries; and always had recourse to sheets and English blankets, with the latter of which I had fortunately provided myself. On being covered up with one of these eider-down beds, it gave rise to a sensation of being suffocated, or smothered with an immense feather-bed, far exceeding in bulk our own, but at the same time literally as light as a feather. The heat produced, however, was to me insupportable, and I was always glad to throw them away after a few minutes. With their assistance, and the additional warmth of the stove, it may be easily imagined, the Finmarker is in little danger of being frozen in bed.

To return, however, to his morning beverage; the merchant is awakened at an early hour, generally about seven o'clock, and, on opening his eyes, he sees the *knusjomfrue*, or young lady of the house, standing by his bed-side, with a cup of very strong and hot coffee, which she presents to him. This being received with a look of complacency, and quickly swallowed, he again sinks into the nest of down. During the short operation of sweetening the reviving draught, he asks his companion concerning the state of the weather or the wind; after which she lays down his pipe ready for him, and disappears to perform the same friendly office for the rest of the family. Sated, or half reclining in bed, and bolstered up with pillows, he smokes one pipe, then finding himself in fit order to recommence his slumbers, he again composes himself, and sleeps undisturbed for several hours. The custom which the Norwegians have of taking a cup of hot coffee at an early hour is by no means an unpleasant one, however laughable it may appear, and to a stranger is very captivating. It is true you are awakened out of a sound sleep some hours before the usual time of rising; but in what manner? You raise your half-opened eyes, and see close to you what appears a vision of the most agreeable nature, in the form of a young beauty, with a lovely complexion, and light flowing ringlets. Possibly your dreams may have been presenting such a one to your contemplation at the very moment, and you deem it suddenly realized. You are, however, soon convinced that it is a earthly substance, from her gently raising you by the shoulder, or seeing that you are barely in a state of sufficient attention to attend to her summons. You then discover, that the pretty intruder is the daughter of the mistress of the house, who, with the most captivating smile imaginable, invites you to partake of the refreshing beverage she has brought; and which being accepted by you with the usual expression of a veritable connoisseur in coffee, *tusinde tak*, thousand thanks, your fair attendant retreats, to leave you to present a pleasant addition at her own lounge, to the scenes of fancy you had perhaps been before indulging in."

North Carolina.—Two Bills, one denominated a Bill to carry into effect, in part, the Ordinance of Nullification; and the other, entitled "a Bill to provide for the security and protection of the People of the State of South Carolina," have been reported to her Legislature, and it was supposed would be adopted. The first imposes the severest penalties on offering any obstructions to the ordinance; and the second provides that "in case the Government of the United States shall, by the employment of Naval or Military force, attempt to coerce the State of South Carolina into submission to the acts of Congress so as aforesaid declared and ordained to be null, void, and no law, the Governor is hereby authorized and empowered to order into service the whole Military force of the State, or so much thereof as he may from time to time deem necessary and proper: And that in case of any overt act of coercion, or an intention on the part of the Government of the United States to commit such an act, manifested by an unusual assemblage of naval or military forces in or near the State, or the adoption of any measures indicating a determination to resort to the employment of such force against the State, the Governor shall forthwith issue his Proclamation calling for volunteers; and he is hereby authorized to accept the service of such as may at any time offer; and to call into the service of this Commonwealth, from time to time, such portions thereof as may be required to meet the emergency."

It is further provided, that the militia other than volunteers may be called into service should the public exigency require it; and "the Governor is authorized and empowered to purchase for the use of the State, as he may judge necessary, from time to time, ten thousand stand of small arms, and the necessary accoutrements; the requisite quantity of cannon ball, powder, lead, and other munitions; such ordnance as he may deem advisable; and to repair and mount such ordnance now belonging to the State, as may be worth the expense."

Naval and Military Movements.—The Norfolk Beacon of the 10th inst. mentions that five companies of United States troops have been ordered to proceed from Fortress Monroe to Charleston, and that a quantity of ordnance is to be sent to the same place. It is also stated that the sloop of war Natchez, lying at Gosport, is ordered to be fitted out immediately, and that Captain John P. Zantzinger has been appointed to the command. The troops, it is said, will be conveyed to Charleston in the ship *Russia*, which was launched a few days since at Washington.

Gov. Southard of New Jersey has set apart the 20th instant as a day of public *Thanksgiving* in that State. Similar appointments have, as usual been made this season in the New England States, and also in the State of Maryland, and perhaps in other parts of the Union.

Mortality among Emigrants.—On board the British ship Sybella, which arrived at quarantine a few days since from Helvoetsluys, out of 132 passengers only 28 arrived, all the rest perishing by disease, probably the Cholera. None of the crew suffered.

☞ The Printing and Publishing Office of *The Constellation* is removed to 205 Broadway, where Subscribers who receive their papers at the Office will please to call, and advertisers leave their advertisements.

Subscriptions received and single numbers sold at 205 Broadway, and 16 Mulberry Exchange in Wall street.

Instruction of the Blind.—A public meeting of the friends of the institution for this object, in this city, was held last week at the City Hotel, Gideon Lee, Esq. presiding. After some introductory and explanatory remarks by Dr. Ackerly, an examination of the pupils, who have been instructed only seven months, took place under the direction of their Teacher, Dr. Russ, and the progress they have made in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and the manufacture of useful articles, was displayed. An address was then delivered by Mr. Piggot, a blind man, 60 years of age; after which, subscriptions of memberships to the society were handed in, and resolutions were passed in approbation of the design, and the efficacy of the institution, and recommending it to the patronage of the community, and particularly to the attention of the City Authorities and the State Legislature.

A public meeting was held in Charleston, S. C. on the 6th inst. to pay a tribute to the memory of Sir Walter Scott; when, among other resolutions adopted for this object, was one appointing a committee to collect subscriptions for a well executed marble bust of the illustrious dead, to be placed in some suitable public position; or if this should be impracticable, to expend the fund as the committee might decide, in correspondence with the general intention of the donors. Gen. Hayne made an eloquent address on the occasion.

From the Richmond Compiler, we learn that an express, charged with 10,000 copies of the President's Proclamation, passed through that city on the evening of the 12th, on the route for South Carolina.

Whale Fishery.—A letter from the commander of the U. S. ship Falmouth, to the Secretary of the Navy, under date of Callao, June 5th, states that information received from all parts of the coast, give the most satisfactory assurances of the continued security of the commerce of the United States. "The whaling ships are the most numerous, and are frequently in port; and I have been informed by several intelligent and experienced Captains the number now employed in these seas, is upwards of one hundred and fifty ships, and that their enterprize has been rewarded with unusual success during the present season."

Georgia Land Lottery.—It is mentioned that articles of impeachment have been preferred before the Senate of Georgia, against one of the Commissioners of the Land Lottery, for the offence of cheating, swindling, &c. in the drawing. He had been taken into custody, and ordered to a recognizance in the sum of $5,000 for his appearance before the Bar of the Senate, to answer the impeachment. Once, the tracts of land fraudulently drawn by him, is said to be valued at $10,000.

BROADWAY HOTEL, *Cincinnati, Ohio.*—In a late number of the Cincinnati Chronicle, we find a description of the Broadway Hotel, which, since its partial destruction by fire, has been greatly extended and materially improved. Its dimensions are, "including the court, 133 feet by 925, being four stories in height. The court is 70 feet by 82, surrounded on three sides by a colonnade, in the Doric order. The whole number of rooms is 126, of which 15 are parlours for guests. A great number of the chambers are more than 12 feet square, airy, and well lighted. There are six flights of stairs leading from the upper to the lower parts of the building; and halls or passages through the front and back wings, communicating with the stairs at every range. There are two large public rooms, one for ladies and the other for gentlemen. The dining-room is 76 by 30 feet in the clear; the ceiling is supported by a single row of Grecian columns, 14 feet in height, pointed in imitation of marble, with bronze capitals. At the east end of the room, under a large elliptical oval, there is a carved bronze eagle, 7 feet 8 inches from tip to tip of the wings. The upper part of the room is painted in Arabesque, with wreaths of flowers, &c. On the north and south sides of the room, are six paintings in oil, about 7 by 10 feet in size."

We are pleased to learn that the house is kept by Mr. JOHN D. HARRIS and his lady, of whose competency to the arduous task, and polite attention to travellers, we have it in our power to furnish personal testimony.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 9th, Mr. Walter Fuller, to Miss Mary Ann Mingham.

On the 10th, Mr. T. Fobles, of Hamburgh, to Miss Amanda M. F. Reder.

On the 10th, Capt. John P. Smith, to Miss Elizabeth Allen.

On the 10th, Mr. Mathew M'Cullare, to Miss Cornelia Rikeman.

On the 10th, Mr. J. Murphy, to Miss F. Clemmings.

On the 11th, Mr. Charles Eaglesor, to Miss Agnes M. Gamble.

On the 13th, Peter Lorillard, Jr., to Catherine Ann, eldest daughter of Nathaniel L. Griswold.

On the 13th, Mr. John Carnes, to Miss Phebe Bower.

On the 13th, Mr. George H. Ellery, of Newport, R.I., to Miss Cornelia W., daughter of Joseph Poole, Esq., of this city.

On the 13th, Mr. Wm. W. Lyon, to Miss S. A. Banta, step-daughter of Peter Myer, Esq.—all of Harlaem.

On the 16th, Mr. H. A. Kerr, to Miss Amelia Dunkin.

At New Orleans, on the 28th ult., Dr. Abraham Petlee, to Miss C. Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. Nathaniel Bunce, of this city.

DIED,

On the 9th, at the residence of his son, near Sing Sing, Dr. M. Hale, Surgeon of the present and of the Revolutionary Army of the U. States.

On the 9th, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Mr. Bradly Mead, aged 26.

On the 11th, Mr. Alonzo D. Palmer, of White Creek, Washington County, N.Y., aged 26.

On the 11th, Miss Harriet F. Barker, aged 27.

On the 11th, James Joseph, eldest son of Dr. Macneven, aged 19.

On the 12th, Vincenne; and on the 13th, Caroline, twin daughters of Mr. F. Crassous, aged 20 months.

On the 13th, Mrs. Anne, widow of the late Mr. Joseph Clark, of Newburgh, aged 68.

On the 17th, Mrs. Eleanor, wife of Mr. Benj. F. Parker, aged 43.

On the 18th, Mrs. Rebekha Hazard.

On the 18th, Mrs. Eliza, wife of Mr. Geo. P. Shipman, aged 35.

On the 19th, Robert C. Sands, Esq., Assistant Editor of the Commercial Advertiser, aged 34.

On the 19th, Mr. Benjamin Dumont, Jr., aged 24.

On the 19th, Charles Beatty.

On the 20th, Mrs. Joan Gelon, aged 51.

On the 17th, Mr. James Dorey, Jr., aged 26, a native of Kilrush, County of Deary, Ireland. Mr. D. succeeded Mr. Neville in the Bar & Coffee-House in this city.

On the 17th, Miss June, wife of Mr. Henry Verbryck.

At Newtown, on the 7th, Mr. C. A. Johnes, aged 37.

At Washington City, on the 10th, Alex. Kerr, Esq. Cashier of the Bank of the Metropolis.

At Washington, Va. Ann Elida, daughter of Mr. Rufus Barton, aged 10 months. Her death was occasioned by the fatal result, which entered the side of her head, as it was at play, fell half an inch resting in the brain.—She survived the accident 24 hours!

At Boston, on the 10th, Mr. Samuel E. Aaron, aged 22, formerly of New York.

At Newburyport, U.C., on the 25th ult., T. Brown, Esq. aged 70, formerly of Long Island.

At Schenectady, on the 26th ult. John L. Lewis, Esq. aged 34, formerly of Meriden town, Ct.

At New Orleans, on the 7th ult., Thaddeus M., son of Gen. Wood, of Salina.

At Matanzas, on the 12th ult., Mr. T. Monroe, cabinet-maker, formerly of this city.

CITY SALOON ASSEMBLIES, *No. 218 Broadway*—Mr. and Mrs. Tatem's new ASSEMBLY will take place on Monday evening, the 24th inst, and continue every Monday evening during the season. Dancing to commence at 8, P. M. Tickets to admit one gentleman and two ladies, $1 each.

Mrs. Tatem's new and advanced system of Waltzing is considered an every Assembly evening, a style confessedly combining greater variety and chasteness than the old established.

Lessons days and classes, Wednesday and Friday afternoons and evenings.

Terms (to be dated from time of entering) $10 per quarter—Waltzing, with Gentlemen, $15.

The City Saloon Establishment possesses every convenience for the Supper, Coffee, Oyster, and Private Dressing Rooms, all now connected, and refreshments served to the ball guests in the first style. [nov.22 eotan.

SYLVESTER'S, 130 Broadway, New-York.

SYLVESTER as usual continues to sell the Capitals in every Lottery. In Class 46, Comb. 11 41 67, the Capital Prize of $20,000, was sent to Washington City. The fortunate holder is requested to forward the ticket and receive the money.

June 23, New York Lottery, Class 48, will be drawn this day, Capitals $ 8,000 5,000, 4,000, 3,000, 10 of 1000, 20 of 500, 50 of 300, &c. Tickets, 86, shares in proportion.

June 25, New York Lottery, Class 1, for 1833, will be drawn in this city, Capitals, $25,000, 5,000, 4,000, 3,000, 10 of 1000, 20 of 500, 50 of 300, &c. Tickets, 86, shares in proportion.

June 26th, New York Lottery, Class 1, for 1833, will be drawn in this city, N. York Lottery, Class 2, for 1833, Capitals, $20,000, 5,000, 2 of 1000, 2 of 500, 2 of 1250, 2 of 1000, 20 of 500. Tickets, 85, shares in proportion.

Although Lottery is being generally favourable, particularly with Sylvester's friends and patrons, early application should be made, as tickets will be scarce long before the drawing.

A liberal discount is allowed when a package or quarter is taken, and all orders by Mail punctually meet the same attention as personal application, when addressed to

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N. Y.

The Reporter is published every Wednesday evening, and is given out and sent gratis to all who deal with Sylvester.

Official drawing of the New York Lottery, Class No. 16, Dec. 19—61—11—41—37—31—44—59—1—57—24.

FOR BULL'S FERRY AND FORT LEE.

Fare, 12½ cents.

The low pressure steamboat *John Jay*, Capt. L. Wandel, will leave foot of Canal street every day, touching at the State Prison wharf, in front of W. Fosdick's store, where a regular office has been established, on and after the 1st of May until further notice, in the following order, viz.

Sundays—Leave Fort Lee at 5 o'clock A.M., 2½ A.M., 1 P.M., and 6 P.M. Leave Bull's Ferry at 7½ A.M., 10 A.M., 1½ P.M., and 6½ P.M. Leave Canal st. at 7½ A.M., 11 A.M., P.M., and 7½ P.M.

Other days—Leave Fort Lee at 4 o'clock A.M., 8½ A.M., 1 P.M., and 5 P.M. Leave Bull's Ferry at 4½ A.M. 9 A.M., 1½ P.M., and 5 P.M. Leave Canal st. at 6½ A.M. 10½ A.M., 3 P.M., and 6½ P.M.

Horses, Cattle, Market Produce, and all articles of freight taken at the lowest rates.

STAGES will be in readiness to convey passengers to Hackensack, Paterson, or any place on the public roads leading from the landings. In the immediate vicinity of Fort Lee a pleasant and commodious establishment has been prepared for target excursions, which is well worth the attention of our different military companies. Apply on board, foot of Canal street, or at the store of Benjamin Mott, 311 Spring street, opposite Clinton market, or Washington Fosdicks, West street, one door north of Amos. may 9. c&i.

FRENCH LEECHES,

OF a superior quality, for sale wholesale and retail, or applied by an experienced person, at the drug and chemical store of NATHAN B. GRAHAM,
Nov. 24. 38 Cedar, cor. William st.

CHRISTMAS & NEW-YEAR'S PRESENTS.

A MOST splendid assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's *superior* POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, DRESSING-CASES, WRITING-DESKS, PORTFOLIOS, Porcelain TABLET BOOKS, &c. &c. of the neatest possible manufacture, for sale by

BUSSING & Co., 701 William street,
d22 (next door to Colen's, 71.)

CLINTON LUNCH,

Corner of Liberty street and Broadway.

THE Proprietors of this establishment, which has been opened since May last, in consequence of the unparalleled support they have received, are induced to come before the public with their best thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and to assure them that instead of relaxing in their exertions to please, (which is too much the case with many who undertake to conduct similar establishments,) they are stimulated to increased exertions, if possible, and are determined to persevere in the same straight-forward path in which they have commenced, hoping thereby to deserve a continuance of that support which they have hitherto so liberally been favoured with. The undersigned being averse to all kinds of common place puffing, have been determined that this establishment should rise or fall by its own merits or demerits; and as they have now been six months fairly before the public, and that public having continued daily to increase its patronage, they are justified in presuming that the course they have pursued in conducting the establishment has been generally approved; and as a proof of their determination to spare no pains or expense in improving and enlarging the same from time to time, as circumstances may require, for the public accommodation, they have now to announce that they have at a very considerable expense fitted up and handsomely furnished an extra Dining Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on Thursday the 8th inst. the entrance to which is from No. 76 Liberty-st. The proprietors will now be enabled to get up Dinners and Suppers for private parties of all the delicacies of the season, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exercised to please, and to deserve public patronage. The Ordinary, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles. Hot Coffee and Tea at all hours, from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Oysters of the best quality, in all their varieties, and Soups of every description at all times. [nov.10-e1 GOOLD & ATKINS.

CARD.

A. P. FONDA, having disposed of his interest in the Merchant's Hotel to Mr. Isaac M. Hall, late of the Franklin House, New-Haven, Conn.) respectfully begs leave to render his grateful acknowledgments to the guests of the establishment, for their liberal patronage while conducted by Mr. Thurston and himself.

Mr. Fonda solicits his personal friends to continue their patronage to the establishment, as under its present arrangement he is confident a more efficient Host takes his place. Sept. 26th, 1832.

N. B.—All demands due to or from the firm of Thurston & Fonda, will be settled by Henry Thurston.

A. P. FONDA,
Oct. 1-eotf. HENRY THURSTON.

PRINTING INK.—The subscriber, who is a practical Printer, has for upwards of sixteen years been engaged in the manufacture of Printing Ink, during which time it has been used extensively in many of the principal printing establishments in the U. States, and he flatters himself has given general satisfaction to his customers.—He respectfully solicits a continuance of the patronage of his former employers and others. His experience fully enables him to supply his customers with as good Ink as can be obtained in the U. States, of unchangeable colour, and also well calculated for the composition roller; and his arrangements for his manufacture are such, that he can furnish it on as favourable terms.

Ink of various fancy colours, viz. red, blue, green, &c. made to order. GEORGE MATHER.
Oct. 20. 111 Prince st. N.York.

J. P. DE ROSE, *surgeon Dentist*, 15 Beekman st. (late 195 Fulton), continues to set teeth of every description, from one to an entire set; and also performs the various operations on the teeth and gums on scientific principles. June 9-eot.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren st. near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,

in imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable colour, and never liable to the least decay

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR,

highly recommended by many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M.D., Amaziah Wright, M.D., and John C. Cheeseman, M.D. june 6-eotin.

LORIN BROOKS, *BOOT-MAKER,*

NO. 24 John street, New York, would inform his friends and the public that he continues the business of boot-making, one door from his old stand, where boots are made to order, in the latest style and of the best materials.

Boots and Shoes, on hand, for sale on reasonable terms. june 13.

PATENT SCOTCH ICH OINTMENT,

THE only medicine in the world that cures the most inveterate Itch in one night. For pleasantness, expedition, ease and certainty, it is infinitely superior to any other medicine for the cure of the Itch; it is so certain in its operation, that it has never failed in any instance whatever of effectually curing that disagreeable disorder by one application only, though applied to many thousands in the United States. It does not contain the least particle of mercury, but may be applied with the greatest safety to the most delicate lady, or the tenderest infant. One box is a cure for a grown person, and divided, cures two children. For sale by the proprietor's sole agent in New York,

NATHAN B. GRAHAM,
Nov. 24. 38 Cedar, cor. William st.

J. & W. DAY,

Booksellers, Stationers & Bookbinders,
No. 110 Fulton street, New York.

BLANK BOOKS

Of every description constantly for sale.

RULING AND BINDING

Executed in the neatest manner, and at the shortest notice.
[Dec. 15 e3m.

ALL OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH

PERFORMED on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill. Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping with gold, platinum, vegetable paste, metallic paste, silver or tin. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus, (*tartar.*) hence removing that peculiarly disgusting fetor of the breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gum biles, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

Patent Aromatic Paste Dentrifice, for cleansing, beautifying, and preserving the teeth.

Imperial Compound Chlorine Balsamic Lotion, for hardening, strengthening, restoring, and renovating the gums.

CURE FOR TOOTH-ACHE.

Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, the only Specific ever offered to the public, from which a radical and permanent cure may be obtained, of that disagreeable, tormenting, excruciating pain, the Tooth-Ache.

The original certificate of the Patentee, from which the following extracts are taken, may be seen at the subscriber's Office, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.

"The subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has communicated a knowledge of the ingredients of which his celebrated Tooth-Ache Drops are pharmaceutically and chemically compounded, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, who will always have a supply of the genuine article on hand, or the subscriber's own preparing. And the subscriber most cordially and earnestly recommends to any and every person afflicted with diseased teeth, or suffering the excruciating torments of the tooth-ache, to call as above, and have the disease eradicated, and the pain forever and entirely removed. This medicine not only cures the tooth-ache, but also arrests the progress of decay in teeth, and where teeth are diseased and decaying and so extremely sensitive to the touch as not to bear the necessary pressure for stopping or filling, by (say a few days) previous application of this medicine, the teeth may be plugged in the firmest manner, and without pain. As to the cure of the tooth-ache there ever have been and ever will be, sceptics; but to the suffering patient, even one application of this medicine will often give entire relief, as thousands of living witnesses can now testify, and where the medicine is carefully and properly applied, it is believed it will never fail of its intended effect. In conclusion, the subscriber assures the public, that White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, prepared by himself, Thomas White, the Patentee, can, at all times, in any quantity, be obtained in its utmost purity, of Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York. THOMAS WHITE,
Patentee of Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops."

"New-York, 8th mo. 24th, 1830."

Recommendations at length cannot be expected in the confined limits of a circular; it must therefore suffice to observe, that these drops receive the decided and unqualified approbation of the medical faculty, of eminent scientific individuals, of the public at large; of the *savans* of Europe, among whom may be mentioned Sir Astley Cooper, Professor Bell, Dr. Parr, and many of the nobility of London and Paris.

The subscriber, in his practice as a Dental Surgeon, having extensively used in the cure of the Tooth-Ache, Thomas White's "Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops," and with decided success, he can recommend it, when genuine, as superior to any other remedy now before the public: If obtained of the subscriber and applied according to the accompanying "Directions for using," *a cure is guaranteed.* JONATHAN DODGE,
No. 5 Chambers-street, N.Y.

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AND

DEALERS IN FINE FANCY GOODS,

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NEAT AND GOOD ARTICLE,

IN THIS LINE (WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST FOR RETAILING, ARE INFORMED THAT THEY CAN ALWAYS PROCURE AT *THE OLD STAND,* A *CHOICE* SUPPLY OF

FINE POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, &c.

From the subscriber's GREAT ASSORTMENT of

170 KINDS.

Wholesale and retail—At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to 40 dollars per dozen.

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BUSSING & CO. Manufacturers,

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